

No. 25

JUNE
JULY



PUSS 'N' POOCH



Leading COMICS

A 52 PAGE MAGAZINE

TEN
CENTS

A 52 PAGE
MAGAZINE
featuring
THE
ANTICS OF
**PETER
PORKCHOPS**
AND A HOST OF
OTHER ANIMAL
FAVORITES!



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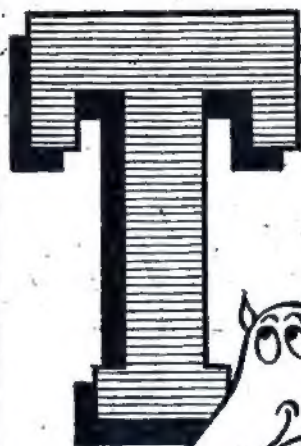
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is for

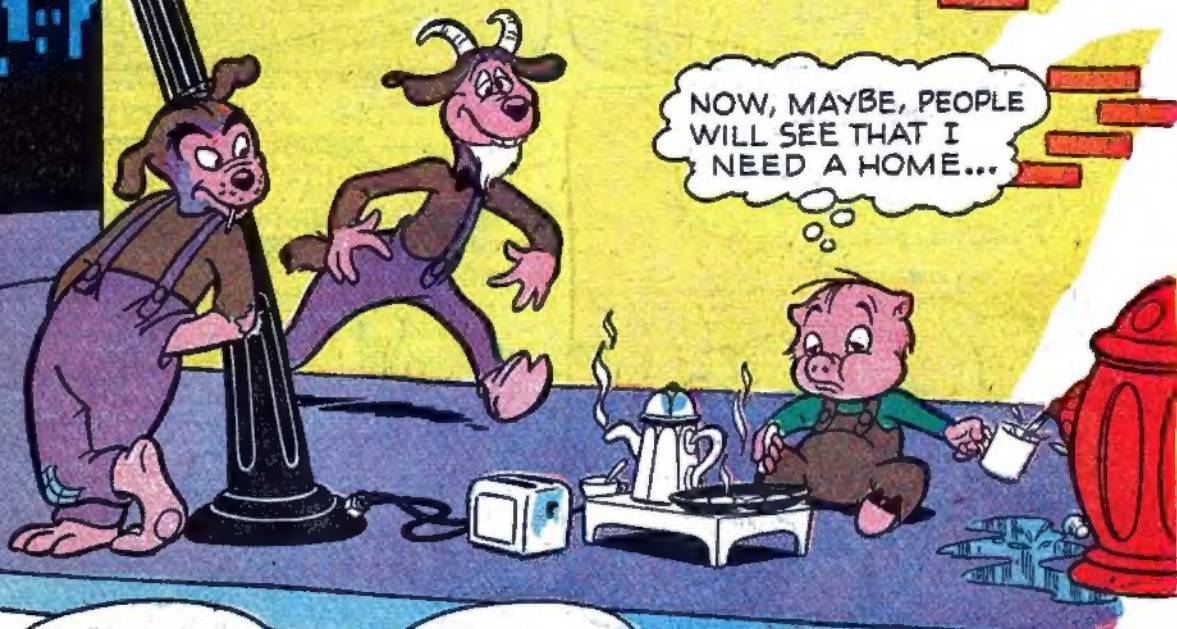
TAPIR,

A COUSIN TO RHINO,
WHO'LL TELL YOU
THIS SYMBOL
MEANS BOOKS THAT
ARE FINE-OH!



-ON THE COVER OF
**BOY
COMMANDOS,**
FOR EXAMPLE!
IT'S YOUR
GUARANTEE
OF THE **BEST**
IN **ANY COMIC**
MAGAZINE!

PETER PORKCHOPS



COFFEE DONE
YET, BO?

MMM... THAT'S
JUST THE WAY
I MAKE
MY EGGS.

HE MAKES
GOOD COFFEE.

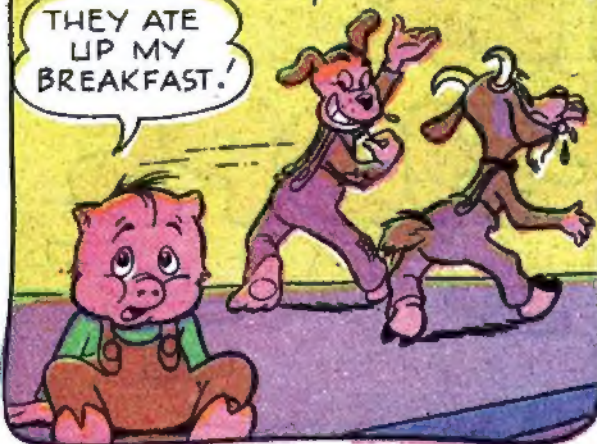
YUM, YUM.
DELICIOUS!



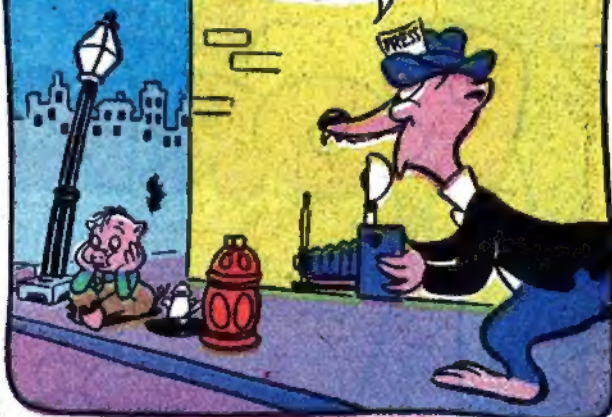


THANKS, CHUM.

THEY ATE
UP MY
BREAKFAST!



WOW—A SCOOP! "HOMELESS
VAGABOND CAMPS ON MAIN
STREET."



THAT AFTERNOON...

WHY, THAT'S THE PIG
WHO GOT AWAY
FROM ME!



IF I COULD ONLY LAY MY HANDS
ON HIM—

I'D WRING HIS NECK—
AND COOK HIM—

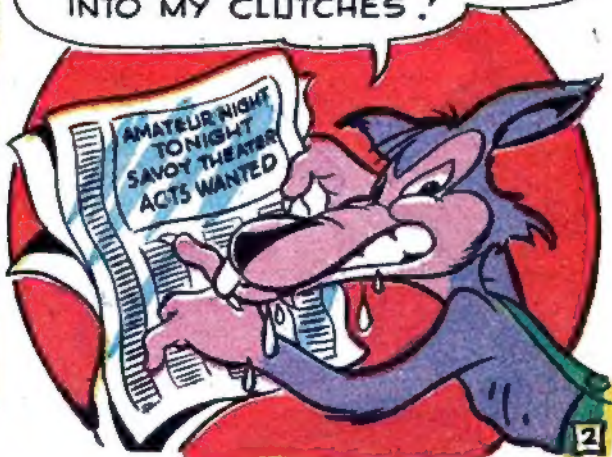
AND EAT HIM!



WHAT'S
THIS?



AH! THIS GIVES ME AN IDEA
HOW TO GET PETER PORKCHOPS
INTO MY CLUTCHES!



FIRST I'LL PRACTICE UP A LITTLE
ON MY DISAPPEARING ACT ♪♪
TUMM TUM ♪♪ TUM.



LATER ...

WELL, WELL, WELL,
WELL! FANCY MEETING
YOU AGAIN!



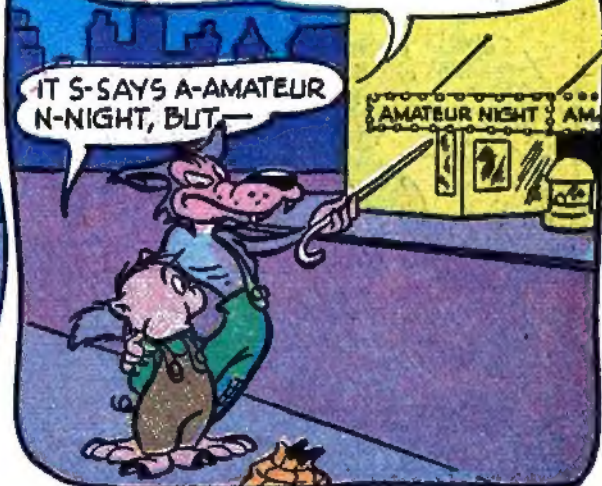
HE-HE—LET BYGONES BE
BYGONES. YOU'RE LOOKING
FINE.

L-LET GO!



NONSENSE, MY BOY! SEE THAT!

IT S-SAYS A-AMATEUR
N-NIGHT, BUT—

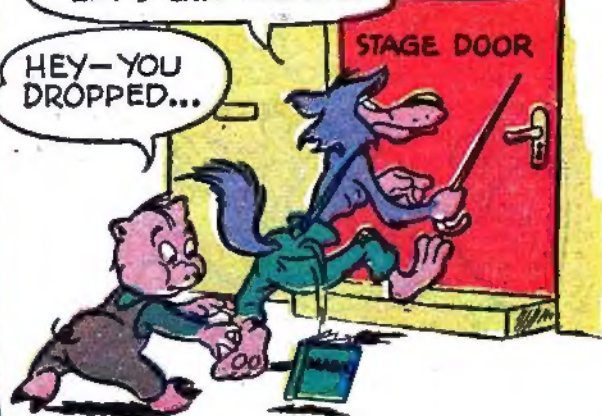


WITH YOUR HELP, I CAN
WIN FIRST PRIZE!
WE'LL DIVVY IT!



SHOW STARTS IN TEN MINUTES.
LET'S GET READY.

HEY—YOU
DROPPED...



I'LL KEEP THIS FOR HIM IN CASE HE NEEDS IT. HE'S REALLY NOT SUCH A BAD GUY AFTER ALL.

HURRY, PETE!

DRESSING ROOM

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I AM ABOUT TO DEMONSTRATE THE WORLD'S MOST AMAZING DISAPPEARING ACT!

GAZOOKS! AND HE'S GONE!

MURRAY

WHOOPEE

HA! HA! HA! GOTCHA MY BOY. SOME TRICK, HEY?

I SHOULDN'T HAVE TRUSTED HIM! HOW'M I GONNA GET OUTA THIS?

I'M AFRAID OF THE DARK! GOT A FLASHLIGHT?

HM, FEAR MAKES PEOPLE LOSE WEIGHT. THAT'S NO GOOD.

HERE!

THANKS!

♪ TUM TE TUM TUM! ROAST PORK,
PORK CHOPS, PORK CHOP SUEY.
TUM TE TUM! ♪

STAGE ENTRANCE

— AND THEN ALL YOU DO IS... SO
THAT'S THE TRICK! AM I GLAD
I KEPT THE BOOK!

HOME-SWEET-HOME! NOW
FOR SUPPER!

JUST BE PATIENT, PETER, I'LL GET
AROUND TO YOU IN A MINUTE.

THE FIRST THING
IS TO GET HIM
TO UNTIE ME!

YOU WERE JUST LUCKY! BET YOU
COULDN'T WORK THAT TRICK AGAIN
IN A THOUSAND YEARS!

WHAT? WHO COULDN'T?

I'LL SHOW YOU!
I'LL SHOW YOU
I CAN DO IT
ANY TIME I
WANT TO!

OKA, OKAY! SO
YOU CAN DO IT!
ANYONE CAN DO
IT! WHY, EVEN I
COULD DO IT! IT'S
EASY AS PIE!

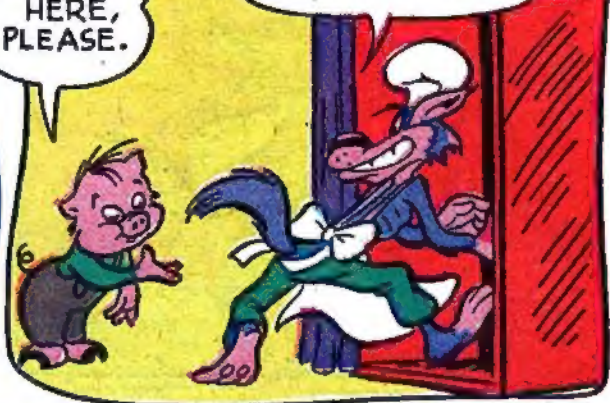


OH YEAH? JUST LEMME SEE YA DO IT! YOU COULDN'T DO IT IN A MILLION YEARS! I DARE YA TA TRY! I DARE YA!



JUST STEP IN HERE, PLEASE.

HEH, HEH! WILL YOU BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF WHEN YOU FIND OUT YOU CAN'T DO IT!



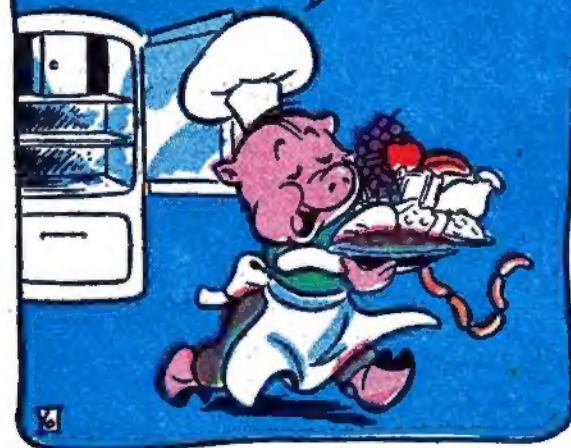
PRESTO! CHANGO! DISAPPEAR-O!



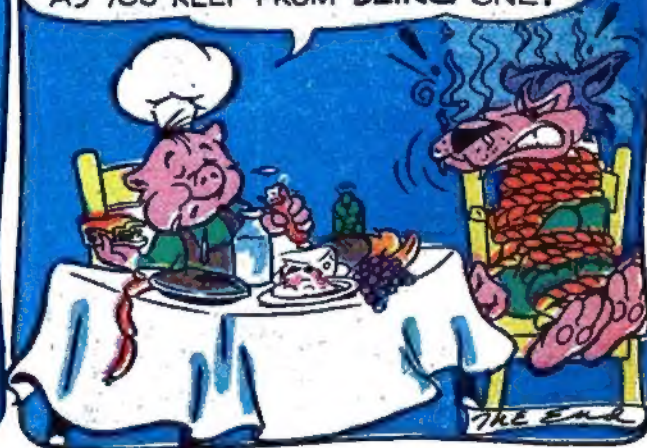
IT SURE IS A SWELL TRICK!



LIKE I ALWAYS SAY —

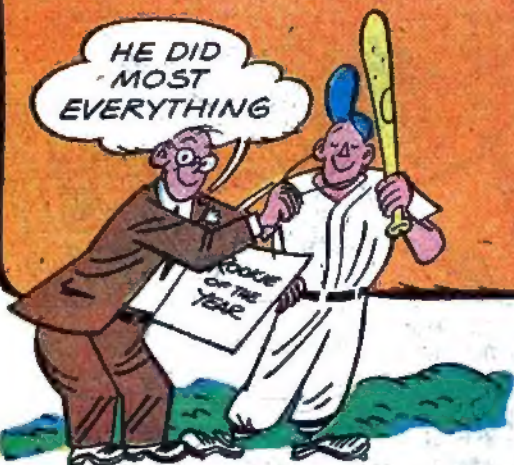


—YOU CAN ALWAYS GET A SQUARE MEAL AT WOLFIE'S HOUSE AS LONG AS YOU KEEP FROM BEING ONE!

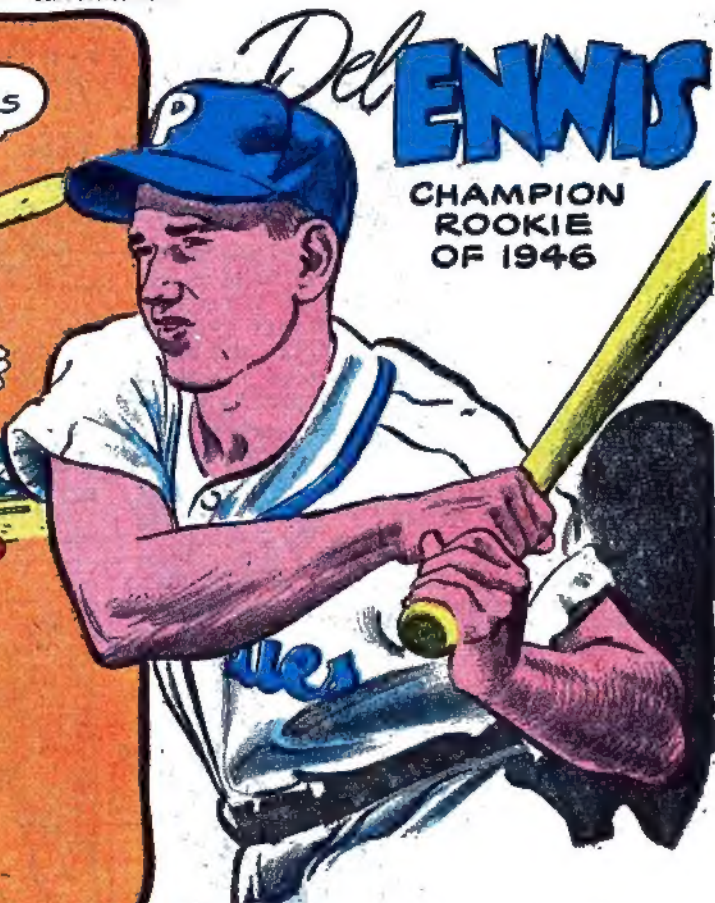




THE POWERFUL PHILLY
OUTFIELDER WAS THE
ONLY ROOKIE TO WIN A
BERTH ON THE NATIONAL
LEAGUE ALL-STAR TEAM



ENNIS REALLY EARNED "THE
SPORTING NEWS" ROOKIE OF THE
YEAR TAG. AMONG FIRST YEAR
MEN, HE SCORED THE MOST RUNS,
MADE THE MOST HITS, THE MOST
TWO BAGGERS, THE MOST
HOME RUNS, DROVE IN THE MOST
TALLIES, AND HAD THE HIGHEST
BATTING AVERAGE



"I'M NO ROOKIE AT EATING
WHEATIES," SAYS DEL ENNIS. "A BIG
BOWL OF THOSE CRISP WHOLE WHEAT
FLAKES—TOPPED WITH MILK AND FRUIT—
HAS BEEN A FAVORITE OF MINE FOR
FIVE YEARS. WHEATIES, 'BREAKFAST
OF CHAMPIONS,' GIVES ME A SWELL
START FOR THE DAY"

WHEATIES
BREAKFAST
OF CHAMPIONS

WITH MILK AND FRUIT



SWIFTY SEAVER WINS FOR BEAVER

ANOTHER JIM WISE REAL-LIFE SPORTS STORY



CAMP BEAVER

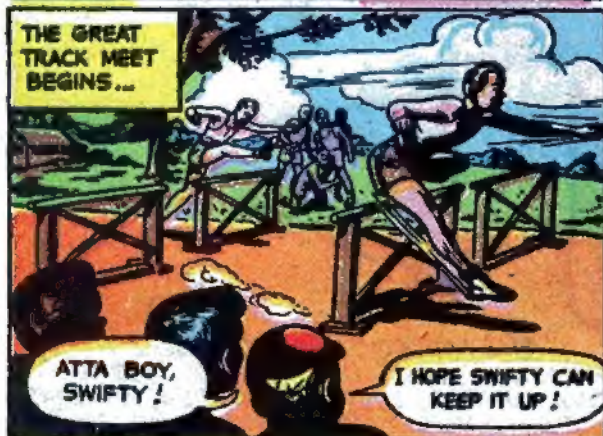
HEAR THE BAD NEWS, SWIFTY? THREE OF OUR MEN CAN'T RUN IN THE TRACK MEET TOMORROW! RED ROCK CAMP WILL LICK US FOR SURE!

IT ALL LOOKED MIGHTY BAD TO THE FELLAS THAT DAY AT CAMP...

NOT IF I CAN HELP IT! I'M RUNNING IN ALL THREE EVENTS—AND I'M OUT TO WIN!

GEE, SWIFTY, THAT'S A LOT OF RUNNING FOR ONE MAN! I KNOW YOU'RE GOOD, BUT... THINK YOU CAN LAST?

JUST WATCH MY SMOKE! MR. WISE GAVE ME A HOT TIP ON FORM...



THE GREAT TRACK MEET BEGINS...

ATTA BOY, SWIFTY!

I HOPE SWIFTY CAN KEEP IT UP!



BEAVER CAMP WINS THE MEET!

YEAH, SWIFTY!

WOTTA MAN!



NICE WORK, SWIFTY. I TOLD YOU "P-F" CANVAS SHOES WOULD GIVE YOU EXTRA STAYING POWER.

THANKS FOR THE TIP, MR. WISE. MY LEGS NEVER FELT TIRED AT ALL. "P-F" SURE MAKES A DIFFERENCE!

"P-F"? WHAT'S THAT?

WHAT MR. WISE SAID ABOUT "P-F"

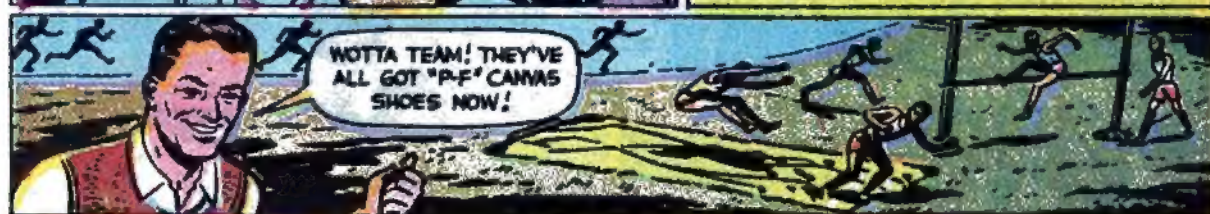
HERE'S WHY "P-F" GIVES YOU MORE STAYING POWER:

1. THIS RIGID WEDGE KEEPS THE BONES OF THE FOOT IN THEIR NATURAL, NORMAL POSITION.
2. THIS SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION ASSURES COMFORT FOR THE SENSITIVE AREA OF THE FOOT.

"P-F"

MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION...A PATENTED FEATURE FOUND ONLY IN CANVAS SHOES
MADE BY

B.F. Goodrich and HOOD RUBBER CO.

WOTTA TEAM! THEY'VE ALL GOT "P-F" CANVAS SHOES NOW!



THE TORTOISE AND THE HARE



TOO BAD THEY DON'T HAVE ANY MORE SKATING CONTESTS... WITH MY TALENT I COULD REALLY CLEAN UP.



WELL— WHAT DO YOU KNOW?



SAY... I'M GETTING
PRETTY GOOD AT
THIS, AIN'T I ?

WELL... AT LEAST
YOU'RE NOT SITTING
DOWN ON THE JOB
SO MUCH.

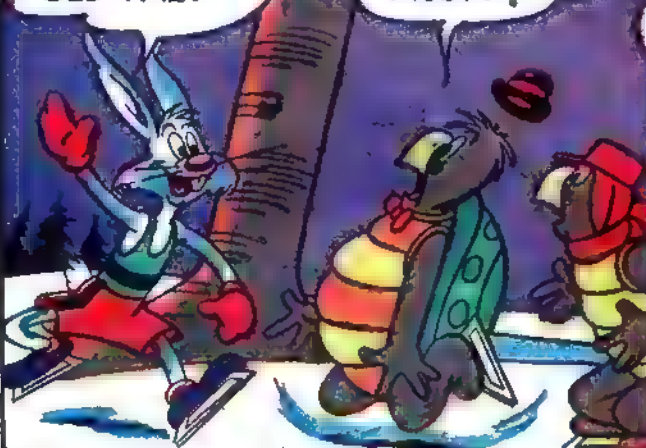


OH, BOY! HERE'S MY CHANCE
TO MAKE SOME DOUGH...
AND HE THINKS HE'S
GOOD TOO!



HELLO
THROCKMORTON,
OLD PAL.

WHA... HEY, WHERE
DID YOU COME
FROM ?



YOU'RE PRETTY
GOOD ON ICE,
THROCKY... HOW
ABOUT A LITTLE
RACE BETWEEN
YOU AND ME ?

I DUNNO...
I HATE
TAKING YOUR
MONEY ALL
THE TIME.



HEH, HEH... I DON'T MIND..
I GOT PLENTY. LET'S MAKE
A SMALL BET.. SAY, ALL
YOUR MONEY AGAINST
MINE.

WELL...
OK .. IF
YOU DON'T
MIND
LOSING...



SO LONG... SEE YOU
TOMORROW MORNING...
DON'T FORGET TO BRING
THE MONEY... FALL GUY,
HAW, HAW...

I DON'T LIKE
THAT LAUGH-
I THINK I'LL
KEEP WATCH
ON HIM.



LATER THAT EVENING...

JUST SO THERE
SHOULDN'T BE ANY
DOUBT ABOUT THE
WINNER...

THIN
ICE

I'LL PAINT THIS
NARROW STRIP TO
LOOK LIKE ICE... AND
THROCKY WILL LAND
ON THE HARD GROUND...

I SWITCH THE SIGN...
TOMORROW, I'LL SKATE WHERE
THE SIGN IS... AND OLD THROCK-
MORTON WILL TAKE THE OTHER
SIDE... AND GO SWIMMING!

THIN
ICE

JUST TO MAKE
SURE I TAKE THE RIGHT
LANE... I'LL PLACE THIS
HERE. NOW ONE MORE,
AND I'M THROUGH...

THIN
ICE

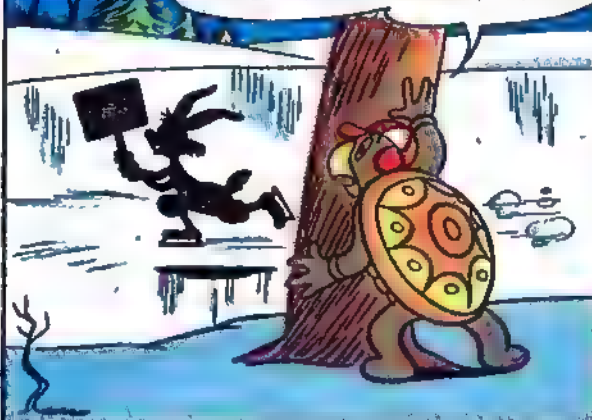
I SURE
WISH I COULD
SEE HIS FACE
WHEN...

DANGER!

... HE GOES OVER
THE CLIFF. FUNNY PART IS
THAT I'LL BE DISOBEYING
ALL THE SIGNS... AND HE'LL
HAVE ALL THE TROUBLE.

DANGER!

HMMM...THROCKY WAS RIGHT...HARRY SURE HAS HAD A BUSY EVENING. I'D BETTER TELL THROCKY RIGHT AWAY.



SOMETIMES I THINK THAT HARRY IS DISHONEST...OR MAYBE HE JUST TRIES TOO HARD.



BZZZ AND THEN BZZZ...

UH HUH.. YOU DON'T SAY...



BZZZ... AND ALSO... BZZZ...

UH HUH... YOU BET... OH BOY!



THE FOLLOWING MORNING...

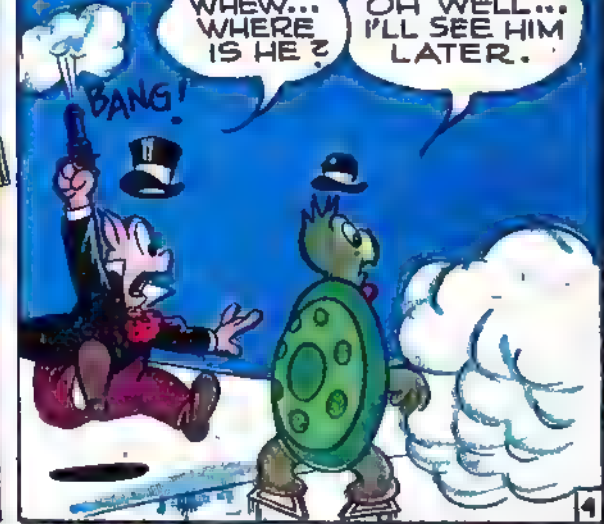
POOR THROCKMORTON...

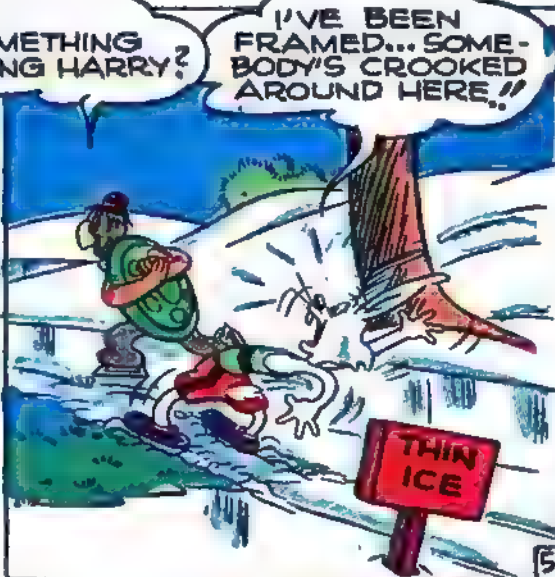
POOR HARRY...



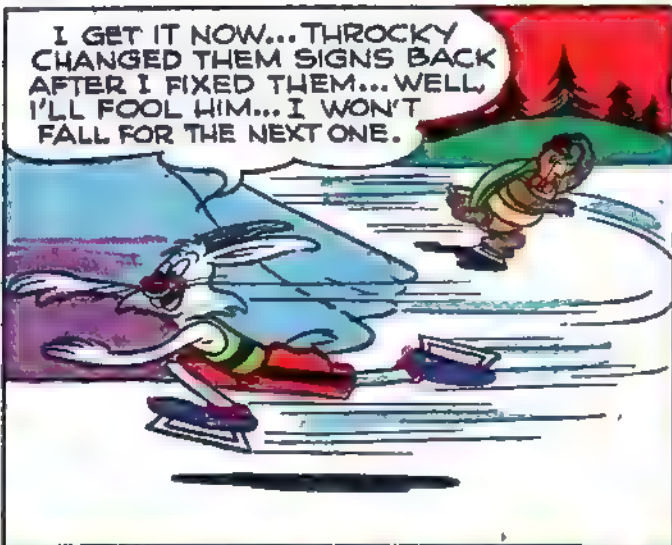
WHEW... WHERE IS HE?

OH WELL... I'LL SEE HIM LATER.





I GET IT NOW...THROCKY CHANGED THEM SIGNS BACK AFTER I FIXED THEM... WELL, I'LL FOOL HIM... I WON'T FALL FOR THE NEXT ONE.



HERE IT IS... HE MUST HAVE CHANGED THIS ONE TOO... SO I'LL TAKE THE RIGHT ROUTE AND WIN THE RACE BEFORE HE EVEN REACHES IT!



PRETTY GOOD IDEA MY NOT CHANGING THIS SIGN... THAT WILL TEACH HARRY A LESSON...



HOORAY!

THROCKY WINS AGAIN!

WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO HARRY?



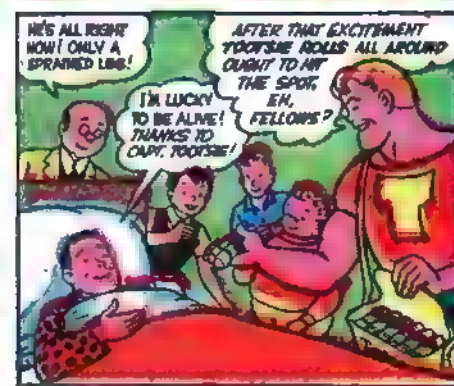
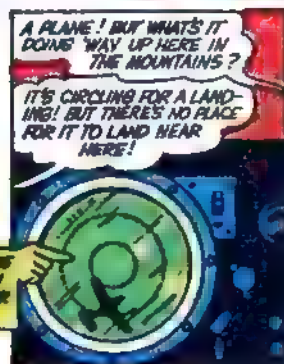
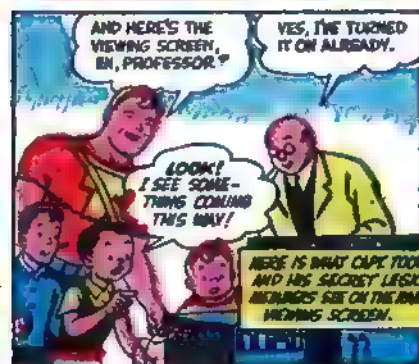
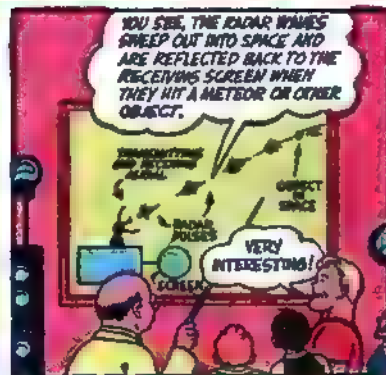
DOUBLE CROSSERS...CROOKS ... FRAMED THE RACE, THAT'S WHAT THEY DONE!



Tootsie

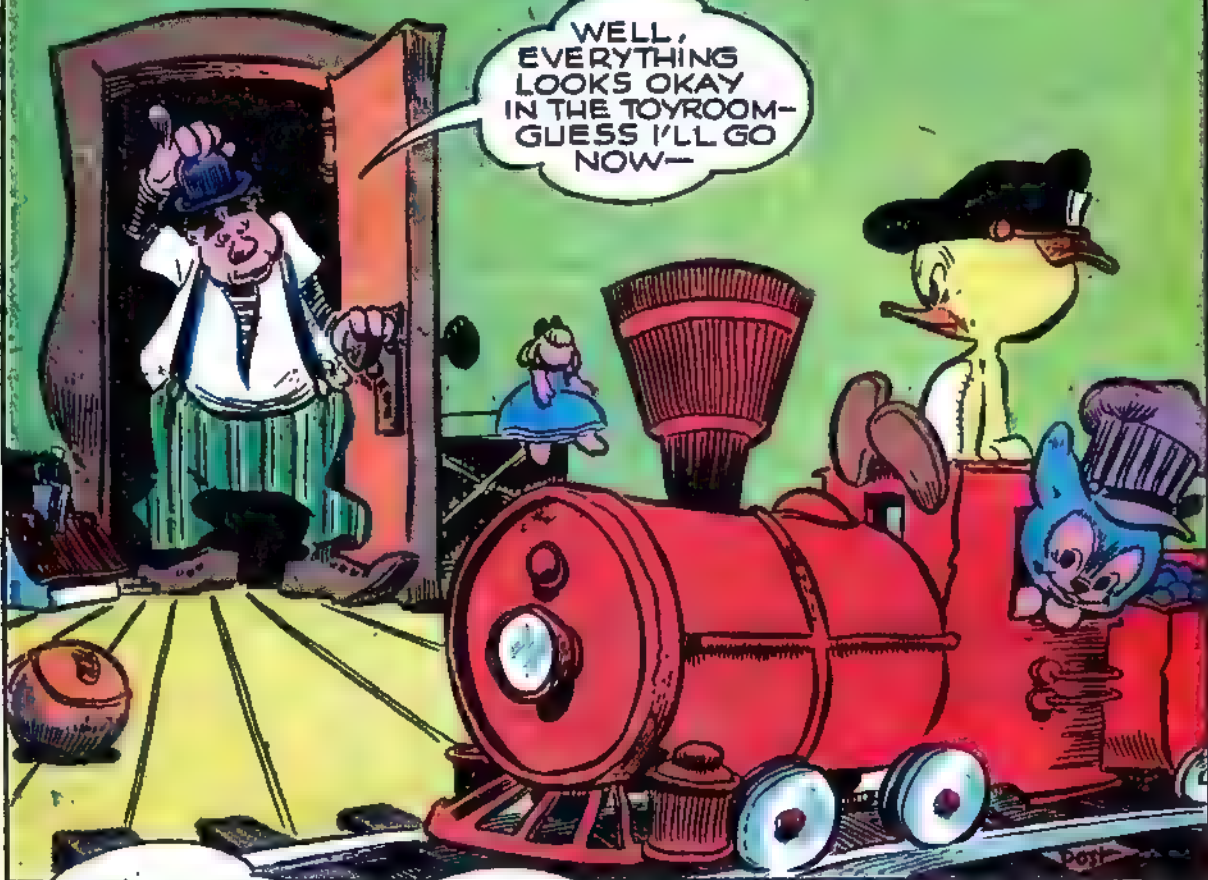
RADAR RESCUE

IN DC COMICS AND MARVEL COMICS



DODDLES DUCK

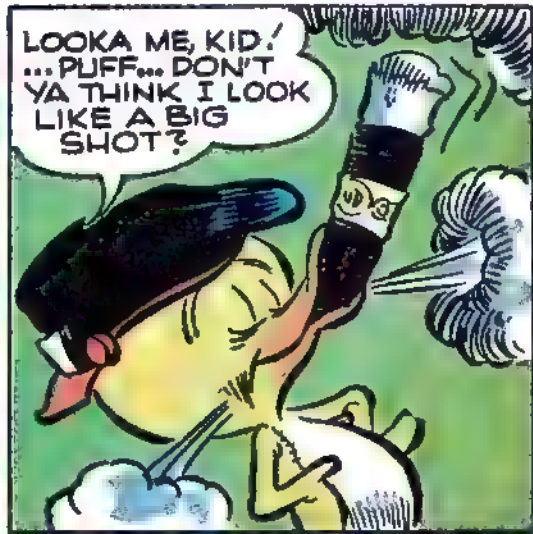
and his Toyland Playmates

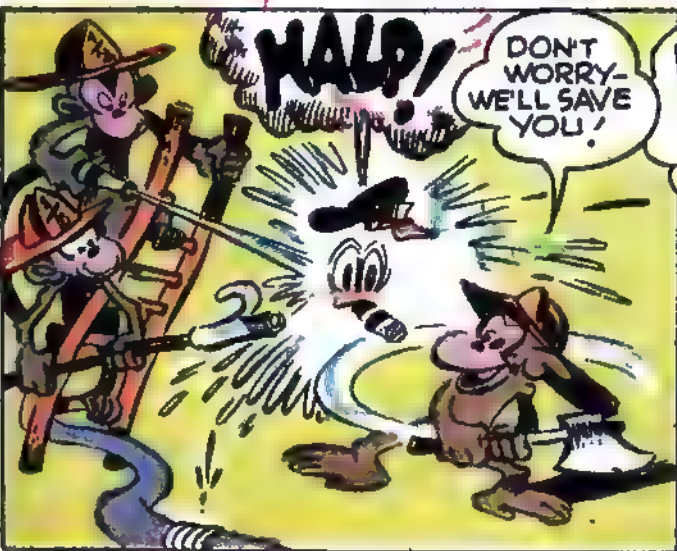
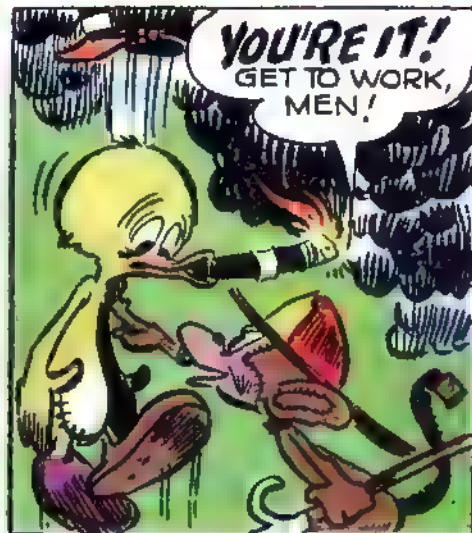
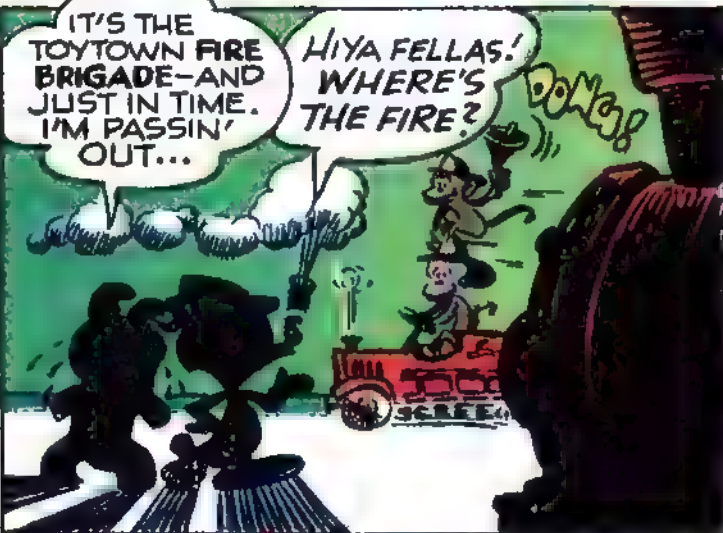
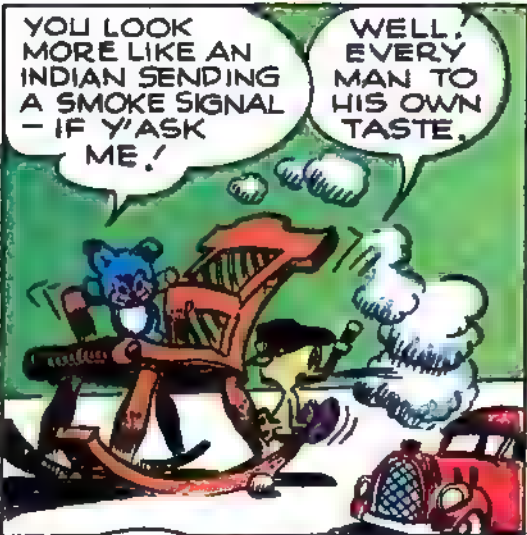


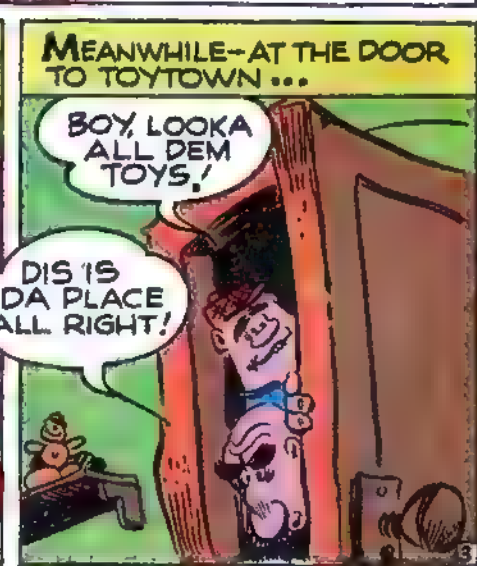
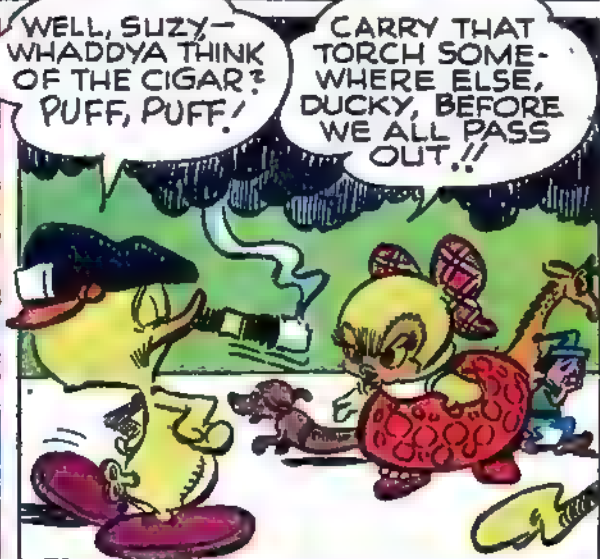
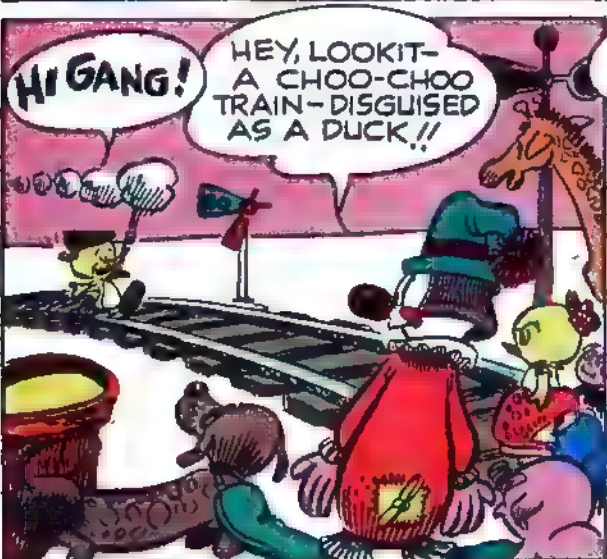
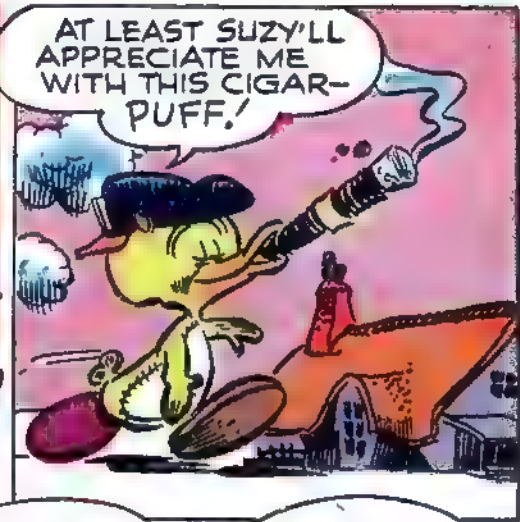
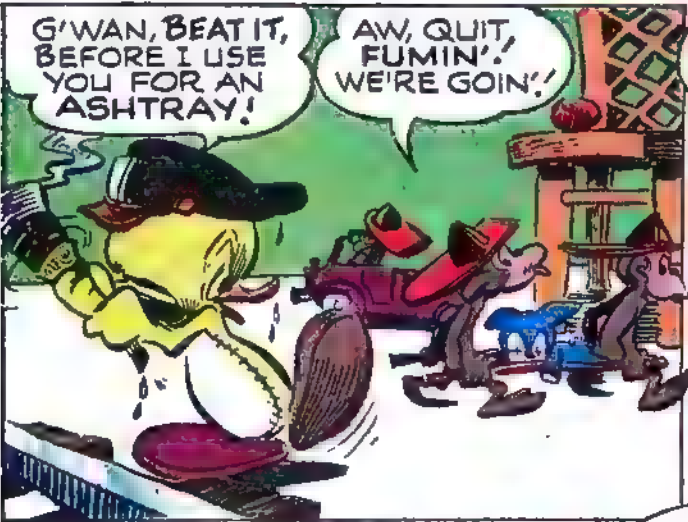
HEY, LOOK, BUTTONS. THE WATCHMAN LEFT AND FORGOT TO TAKE HIS CIGAR!

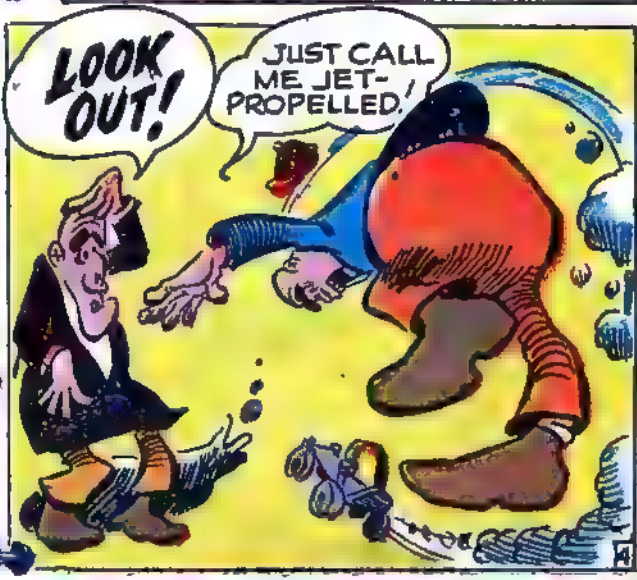
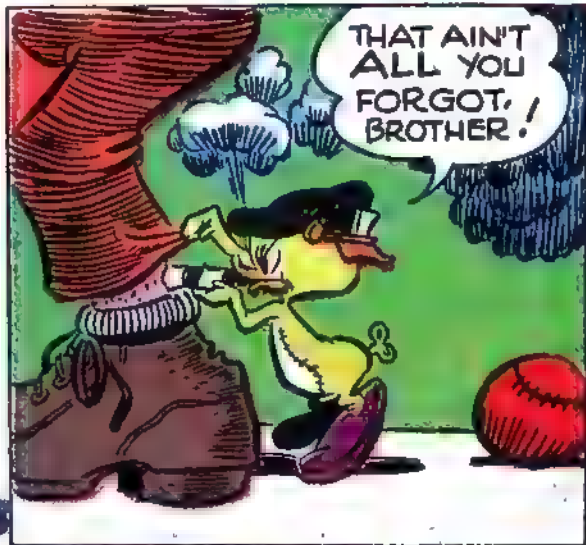
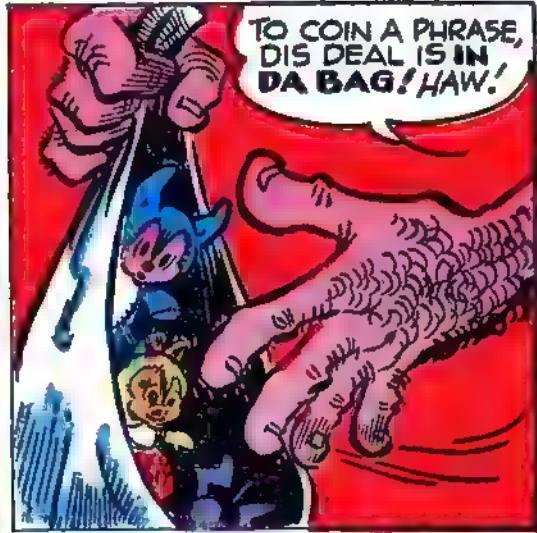
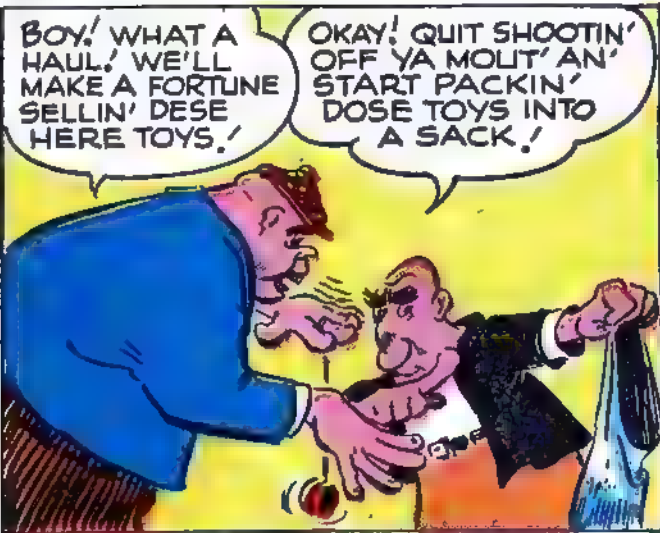
SNIFF... FROM THE SMELL OF IT I DON'T BLAME HIM!

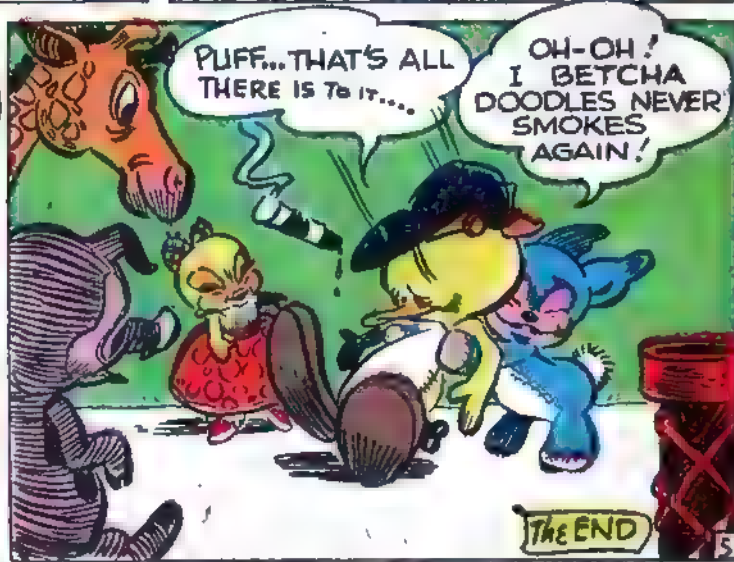
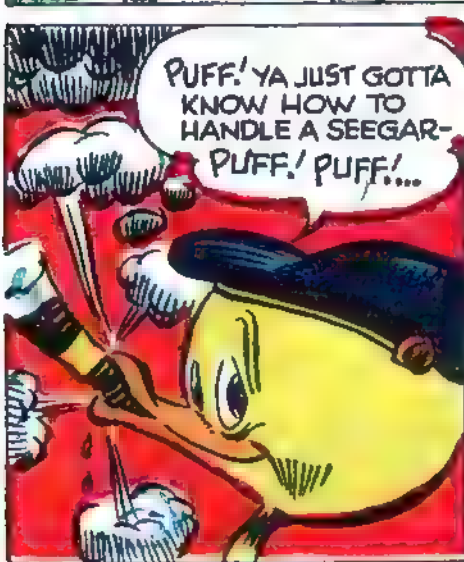
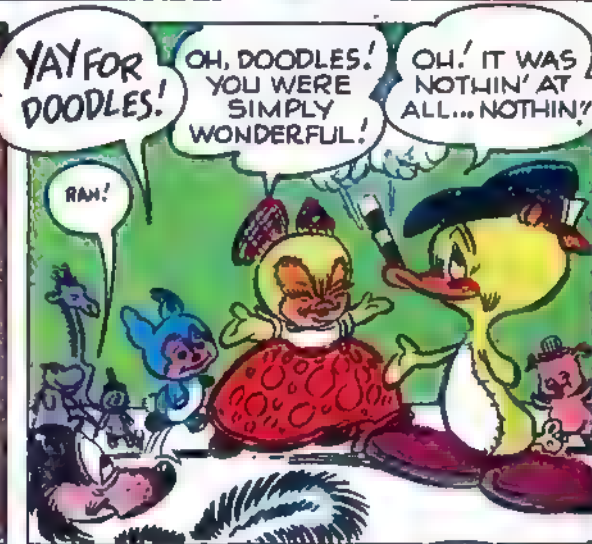
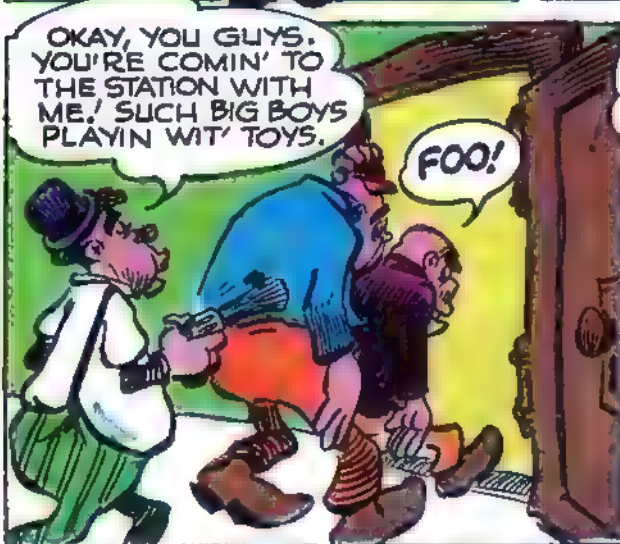
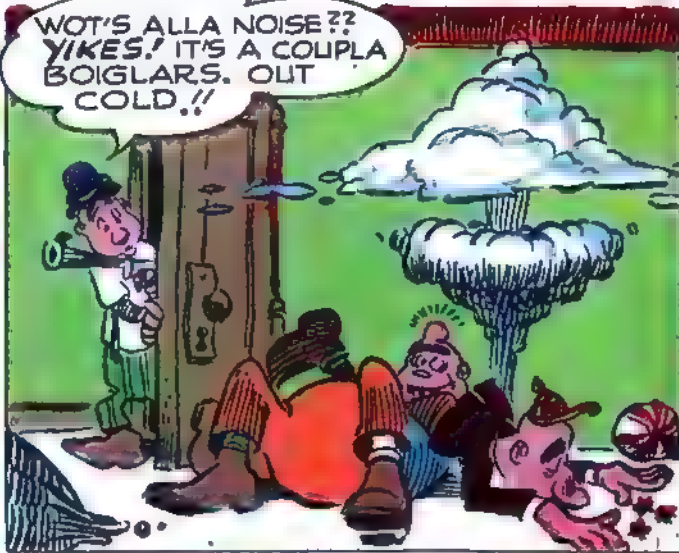
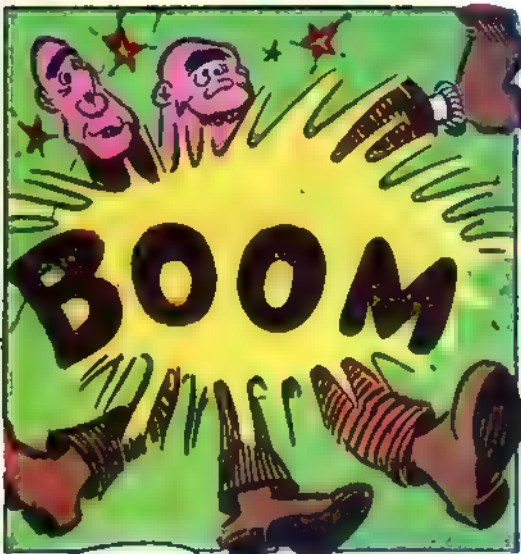
LOOKA ME, KID! ...PUFF... DON'T YA THINK I LOOK LIKE A BIG SHOT?





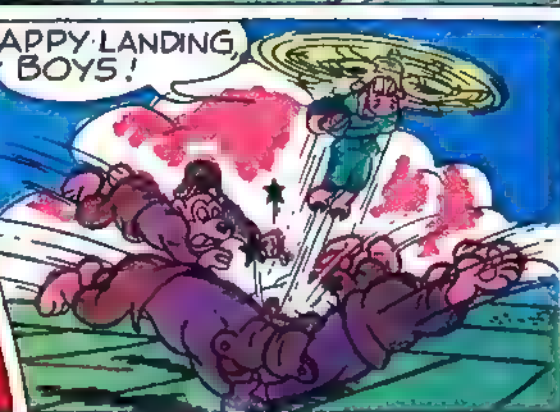
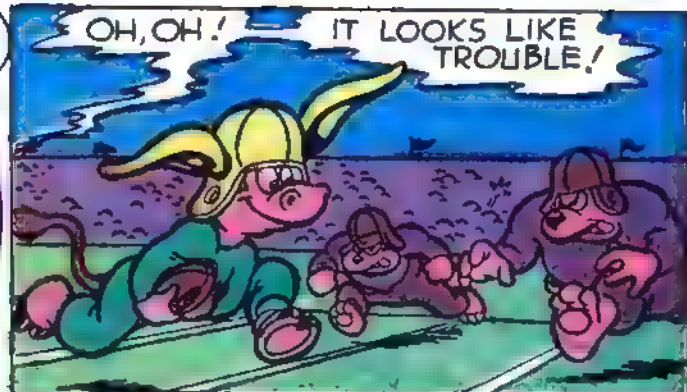
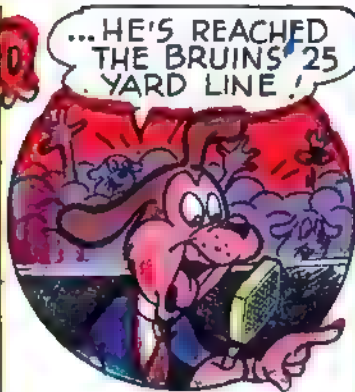




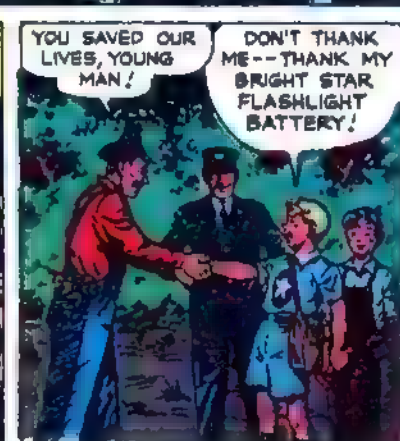


THE END

**HEATED
HAIL**



ADVERTISEMENT



ROLY AND POLY

ONE SIDE!
GANGWAY!

HEY!

WISE
GUY!



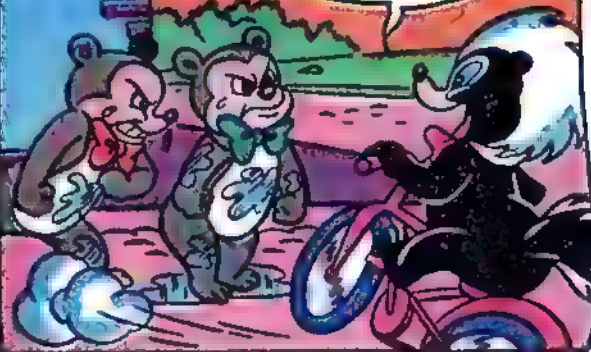
EGBERT SKUNK!
LOOK WHAT
YOU DID!

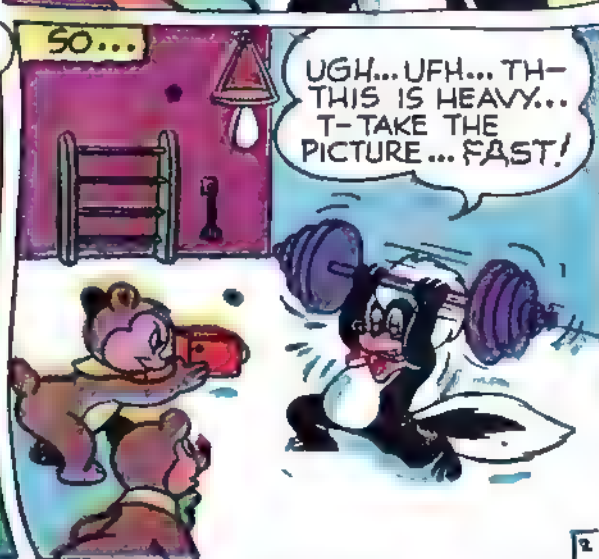
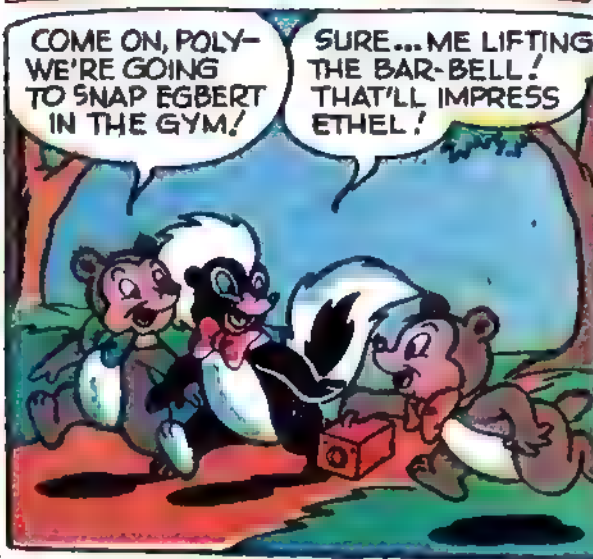
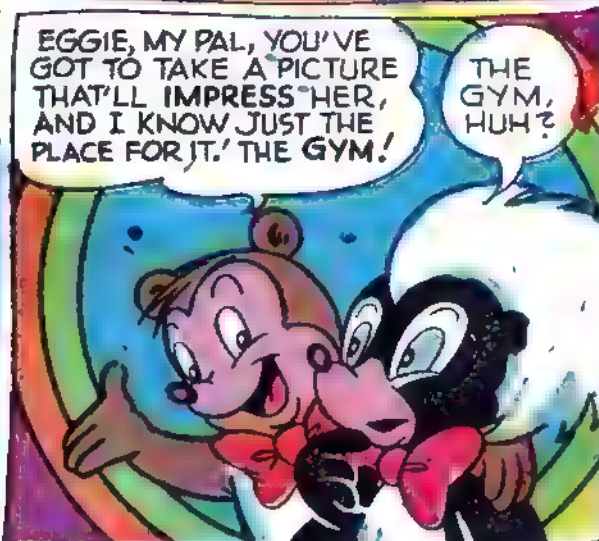
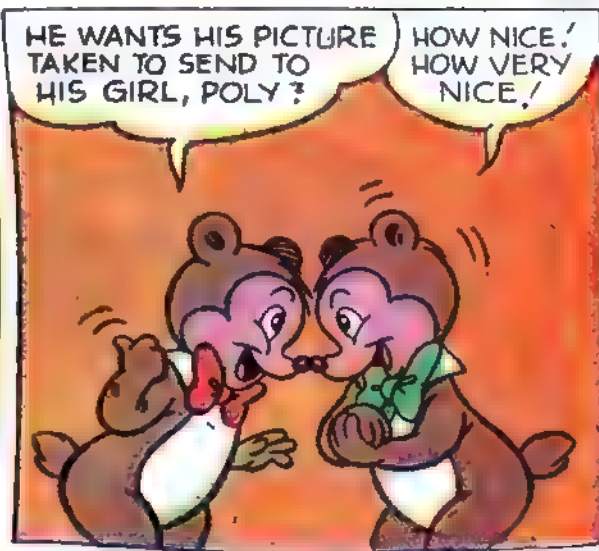
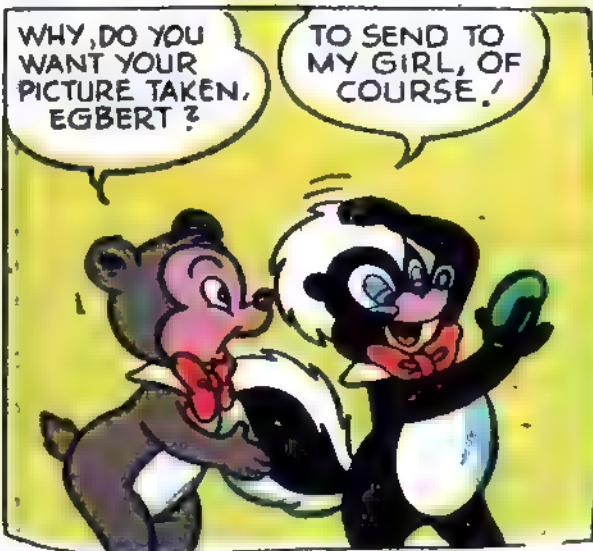
HO-HO! DIDN'T
YOUR MOTHER
TELL YOU NOT
TO PLAY WITH
MUDDIES!

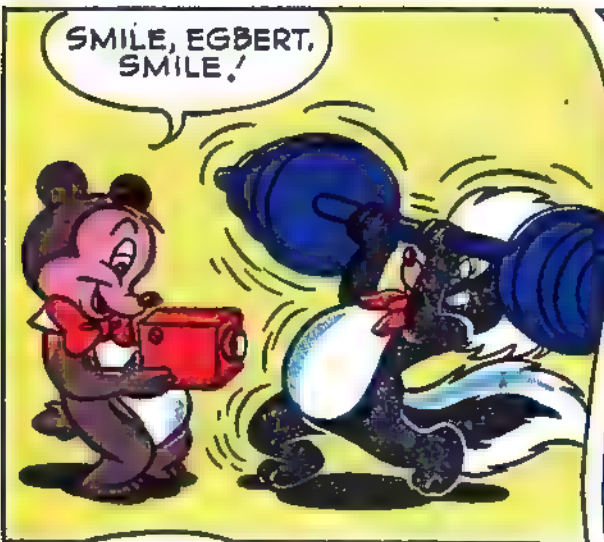
GET A LOAD OF A SHARP
CHARACTER! AM I
HANDSOME! I'M ON
MY WAY TO HAVE
MY PICTURE TOOK!

HMMM...

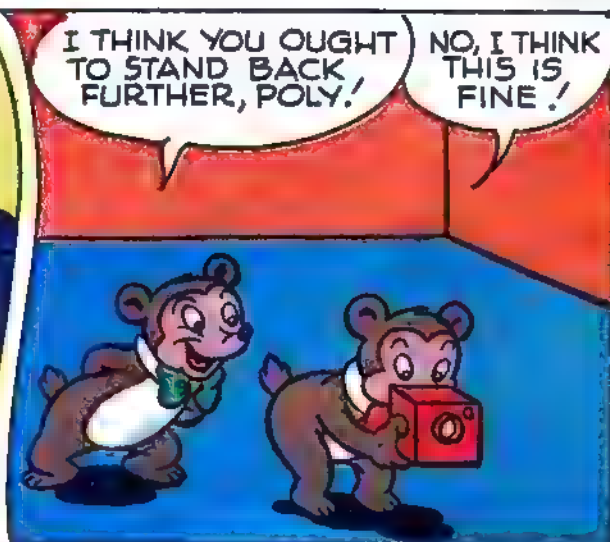
HMM...





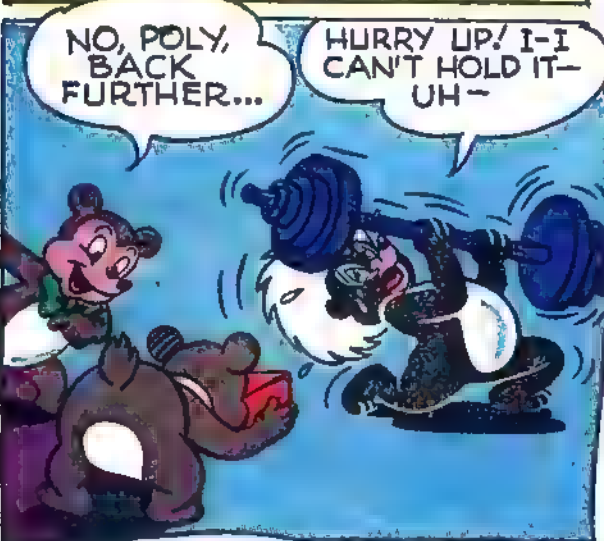


SMILE, EGBERT,
SMILE!



I THINK YOU OUGHT
TO STAND BACK
FURTHER, POLY!

NO, I THINK
THIS IS
FINE!

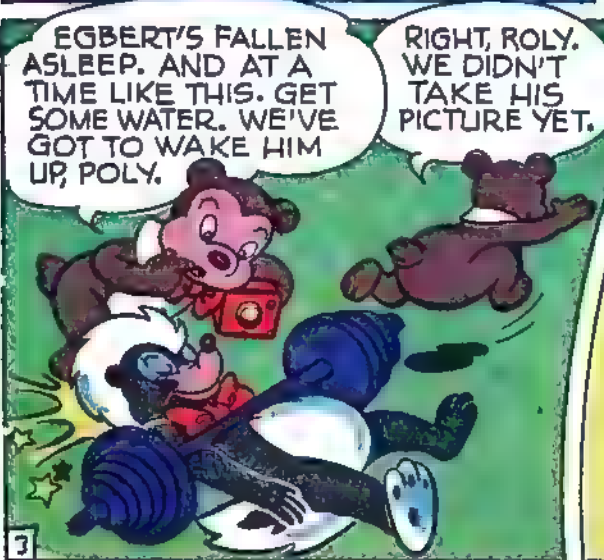


NO, POLY,
BACK
FURTHER...

HURRY UP! I-I
CAN'T HOLD IT—
UH—



UGH!



EGBERT'S FALLEN
ASLEEP. AND AT A
TIME LIKE THIS. GET
SOME WATER. WE'VE
GOT TO WAKE HIM
UP, POLY.

RIGHT, POLY.
WE DIDN'T
TAKE HIS
PICTURE YET.



RISE AND
SHINE,
EGBERT!

AH—OH, GET
IT OFF ME!

SURE THING, EGGIE!
HOLD STILL. WE'LL
GET IT RIGHT
OFF!

OWOOOOO...
OOOH...

ON YOUR FEET,
EGGIE, WE'VE
GOTTA TAKE
YOUR PICTURE!

ANOTHER POSE IS
WHAT WE NEED.
SOMETHING
DIFFERENT!

I'VE GOT IT! WE
CAN SNAP EGBERT
PULLING THESE
THINGS OUT!

SWELL!
COME ON,
EGBERT!

THIS TIME
DON'T BE SO
SLOW!

SURE, EGBERT, OL'
PAL! JUST PULL
'EM 'WAY OUT!

TAKE IT...
NOW! (STRAIN-
GRUNT)

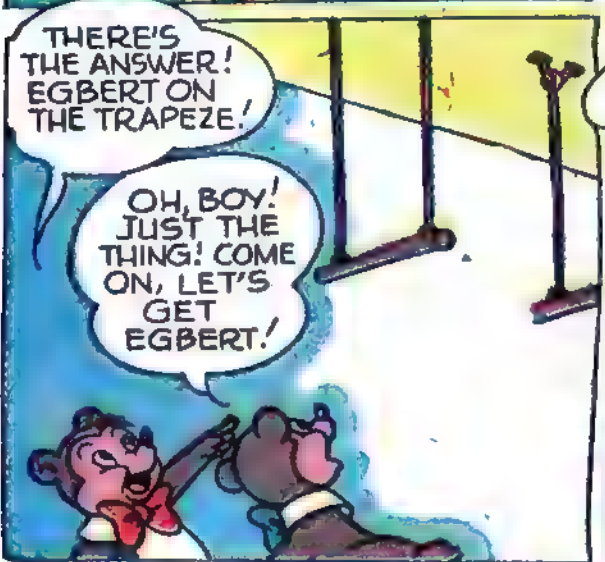
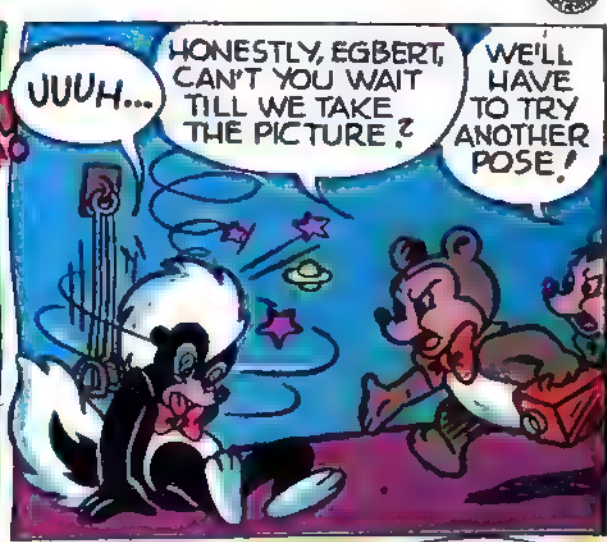
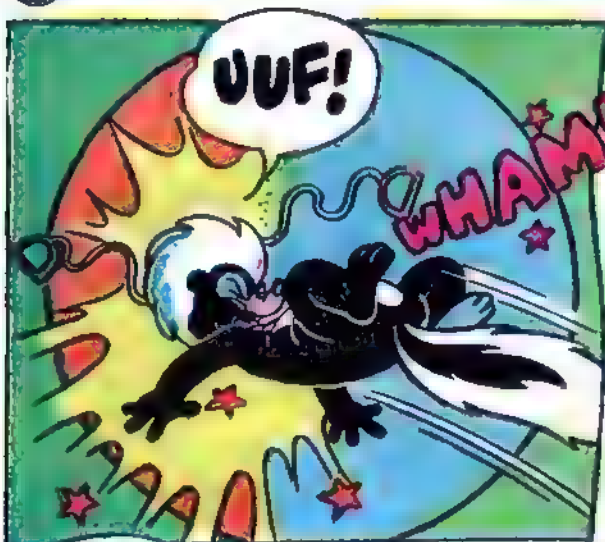
LET ME
TAKE IT
THIS
TIME!

NO.
IT'S MY
CAMERA.

THE PICTURE!
THE PICTURE!
CAN'T HOLD IT
ANY...

COME ON,
WE'LL
CHOOSE
FOR IT!

OKAY!



HA, HA... FORGOT
TO PUT FILM IN!

FOOLISH BOY—
GIVE IT TO ME.
I'LL PUT IT IN.

C'MON, EGGIE...
WE'VE GOTTA
TAKE IT OVER.

OH—NO! NO MORE!
JUST TAKE MY
PICTURE SITTING
QUIETLY!

IF THAT'S THE
WAY HE WANTS
IT, ROLY— TAKE
IT!

RIGHT!

DON'T SAY
WE NEVER DID
ANYTHING
FOR YOU!

S'LONG, EGGIE!
HERE'S THE FILM!

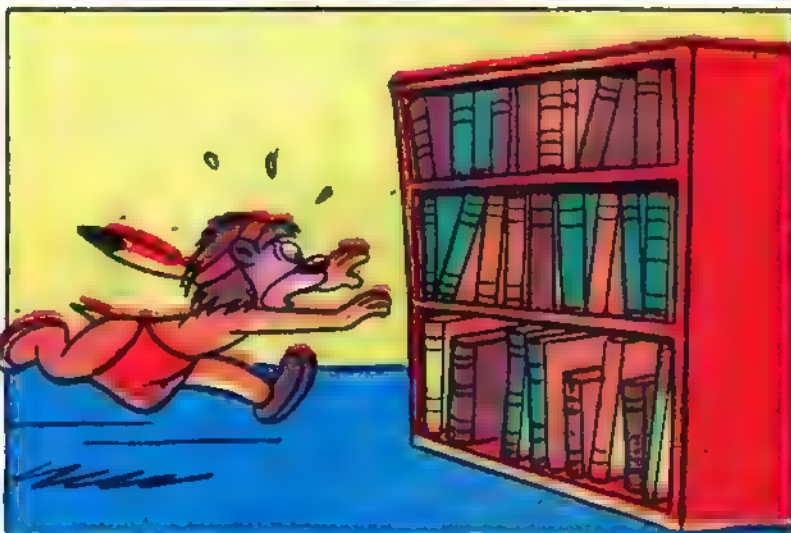
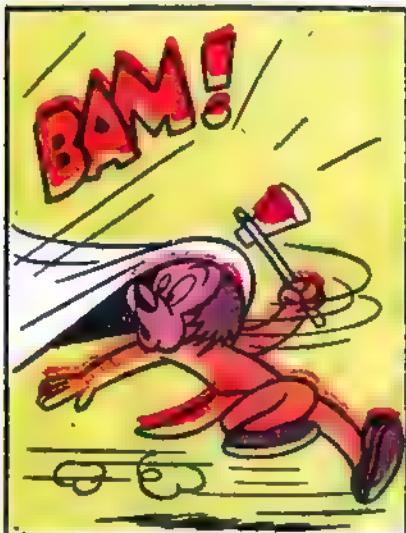
HUMPH! THOSE SAPS
NEARLY KILLED ME, BUT
AT LEAST I GOT ONE
PICTURE TO SEND
ETHEL.

YIPES! WHO'S THIS?
IT'S **ME!** ULP!

THE
END



LITTLE LEO





PATRICK PARROT'S UNNATURAL HISTORY

TRANSLATED FROM
THE ANIMAL LANGUAGE

HOW HIPPO GOT HIS BIG MOUTH

IT WAS high tide in the pool where Horace Hippopotamus was taking his noon-day nap. Almost any pool, big or little, that Horace entered was sure to grow in size when his big body was in it. There was a slight rise and fall of the tide too as he snoozed away, for, when he breathed, the water lapping at the shore line rose and fell a few inches as he inhaled and exhaled. Tiny little wavelets splashed gently against the muddied shore as regular as clock-work.

Horace was submerged almost to his little ears, which lay flattened against his head, and hardly anything was visible except his two big nostrils. He snored a little but not enough to be heard more than a yard or two away. It was a calm, peaceful sight and all seemed well with Horace and his world.

But somebody was coming up the well-worn forest path which bordered the pool and that continued up the stream which ran into it. This newcomer on the scene was Bert Beaver and he was as angry as a wet hen. When he arrived on the bank opposite to where Horace was sleeping, he placed both front paws on his hips and glared.

"Humph," said Bert Beaver, with a snort of disgust. "No wonder."

Then, placing his little palms to his mouth, he yelled at the top of his voice at Horace.

"Hey, blubber face! Hey, you there!"

But Horace was too sound asleep and heard nothing. Others in the vicinity perked up their ears and rubbed their eyes in amazement and annoyance. The forest folks were not used to having their noon-time siesta broken by such unseemly noise. It was considered bad etiquette and against the jungle code of good manners to holler and yell as Bert Beaver was doing. Even Pat Parrot, away up in his tree, heard the commotion and peeked down through the leafy boughs.

But Bert himself was too angry and too upset to remember his manners. He dove into the pool and with quick powerful strokes swam over to Horace. Arriving at his destination, he turned about and, with two sharp slaps of his wondrous-strong tail, he walloped poor Horace on each of his two nostrils.

Horace woke with a start. "Huh—who—what's up?" he sputtered.

"The water's up, that's what's up!" screamed Bert. "You're ruining my house and my dam."

By this time, several of the forest folk, including Pat Parrott, Philo Fox, Elmer Elephant and Zeke Zebra, were standing on the bank watching the goings-on with interest and wonder. As the massive Horace made his way slowly and majestically to shore, Bert kept slapping him with resounding whacks of his tail.

"Step lively there! Keep moving," said Bert.

"Sounds like the subway," grinned Pat Parrot. "What's it all about, Horace?" he asked.

"Search me," replied Horace. "Looks like he wants me to vamoose from the pond. Why, I don't know, even though it's his pond. He built the dam that made it, but he's never objected to my being in it before."

Horace spoke in a hurt tone of voice as he clumsily climbed up on the bank and sat down, breathing hard from the exertion. Bert Beaver followed him and was about to let loose another torrent of abuse when Pat Parrot interrupted.

"Now, look here, Bert Beaver," he exclaimed. "What's the idea of

picking on poor Horace like that? Just because he's good-natured is no reason why you should take advantage of him. What did you do it for?"

"Reason enough," said Bert, calming down a little. "You know we've had a lot of rain lately—the pond's up six inches. When Horace got in, it went up six more and practically drowned me out. The water reached almost to the top of the mound. My nice dry shelf where I sleep was under water."

"Gosh, I'm sorry," apologized Horace. "I didn't realize what I was doing."

Still sleepy, Horace yawned. His enormous mouth opened wide. Two dozen Bert Beavers could have sat comfortably inside it. Pat Parrot and Elmer Elephant and Zeke Zebra and Philo Fox looked at it in awe. It was an amazing sight and, if they didn't know Horace's gentle nature, they would have been frightened.

"Jumping Juniper," exclaimed Philo. "What a chasm, what an orifice, what a cavern!"

"Huh," exclaimed Horace, clamping his jaws together, kerplunk. "Did I hear someone refer to the size of my mouth?"

"Now that the matter has been brought up, I wonder why it is that Horace, who is smaller than I am, should have a mouth three times as big as mine," remarked Elmer Elephant.

"Ahem," coughed Pat Parrot.

The others quickly caught on to the fact that Pat was all set to explain the whys and wherefores of

Horace Hippo's wonderful mouth.

"Come on, Pat," they encouraged in chorus, "tell us why, please."

Needing no further prodding and, with a wink at Horace, who winked back, Pat began his story.

"Well, it's been a long, long time since Mother Nature altered the countenance of the Hippo family. 'Twas millions of years ago, in fact, that Horace's ancestor, Homer Hippo, nibbled at the lush tropical greens and spinach of which he was so fond. At that time, his mouth was small, and well-formed; his body was no bigger than it should be.

"But there was one thing that distinguished Homer from all other beasts of the fields and jungle. He had a great sense of humor and dearly loved a joke. Any kind of joke, old or new, funny or unfunny. It didn't matter whether he had heard it before or not. He enjoyed them all hugely.

"Well, it wasn't long before the news of Homer's weakness as a good listener to funny stories spread through the country. From far and wide the other animals came, whenever they heard a new anecdote, to tell it to Homer. They had such a good time watching him rock with merriment and guffawing with joy over every little joke that he had a constant stream of story-tellers coming to see him.

"Homer's visitors never had to say to him, 'Stop me if you've heard this one.' It didn't matter to him whether he had or hadn't. He'd begin grinning before the story was even started and, by the time it was through, he'd be laughing from ear to ear, rolling on the ground with joy.

"Well, you can guess what happened. Mother Nature has a way of changing things around when circumstances require it. Homer was laughing so much, so loud and so long, that soon his mouth grew bigger and bigger. And the bigger it grew, the more they came to tell him jokes. And the more jokes they told him, the bigger it grew. At one time, Ho-



mer's ears were at the side of his head, like everybody else's. But, as his mouth grew bigger and wider and longer, his ears moved up and up until they stood in the middle of his head.

"And that wasn't all. Homer's appetite grew by leaps and bounds. He ate more and more, and then, of course, he started to grow all over. But the rest of him, somehow, never managed to keep up with that wonderful, marvelous, stupendous mouth.

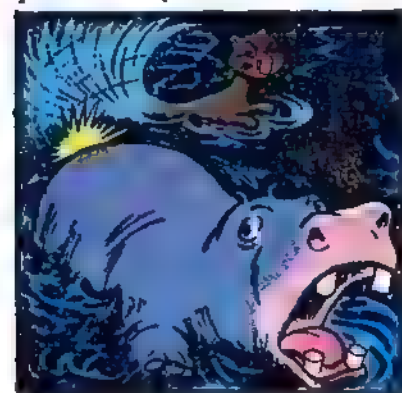
"And, as you all know, Homer Hippo not only passed on to his kinfolk the amazing mouth but the good humor as well, and that's why we like Horace and his kindly generous nature."

"Any questions?" asked Pat, casting one eye at his smiling but dubious listeners.

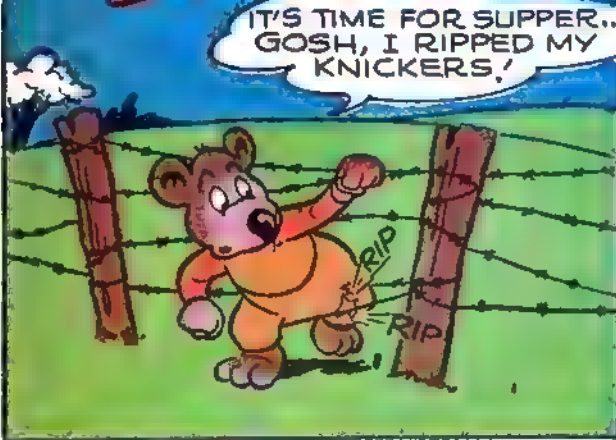
"Sounds logical to me," said Philo Fox, "but I don't believe a word of it."

"Well," remarked Horace, "there are one or two points I'd like to add to Pat's tall story. For one thing, why do you suppose my ears are so small? That's because they won't be forever picking up stray remarks about my big mouth from all over. And why do you suppose I've got such a thick skin? That's so any such remarks that do get through bounce right off. Say, Elmer, I've got a berry seed in my tooth. Hand me that limb over there for a tooth pick."

And Horace Hippo grinned amiably at them all. The joke was on him—and he loved it.



BENNY BEAR



IT'S TIME FOR SUPPER...
GOSH, I RIPPED MY
KNICKERS!



BENNY
BEAR, YOU'VE
TORN YOUR CLOTHES
AGAIN!

WELL, YOU
SEE, MOM—
IT WAS AN
ACCIDENT...

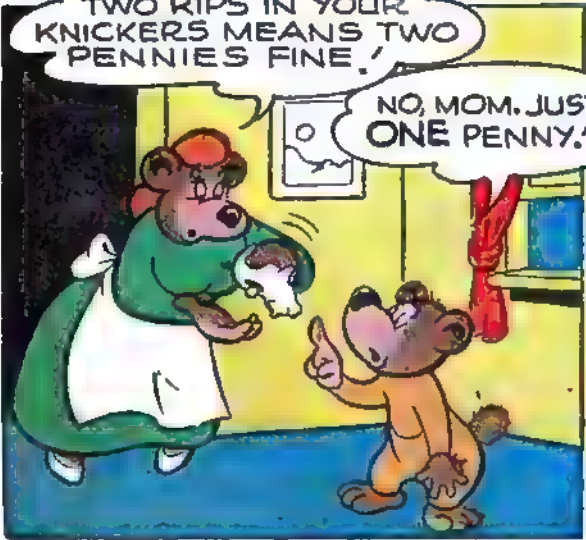


HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN THAT
WE AGREED ON A FINE OF
ONE CENT FROM YOUR
BANK FOR EVERY TEAR
YOU GET IN YOUR
CLOTHES!

GOLLY!
I DID
FORGET!



POOR BENNY. BUT IT'S THE
ONLY WAY TO TEACH HIM
TO TAKE CARE OF HIS
CLOTHES.



TWO RIPS IN YOUR
KNICKERS MEANS TWO
PENNIES FINE!

NO, MOM. JUST
ONE PENNY!



BECAUSE YOU SEE,
I'VE FIXED IT SO
THAT NOW IT'S
ONLY ONE RIP!

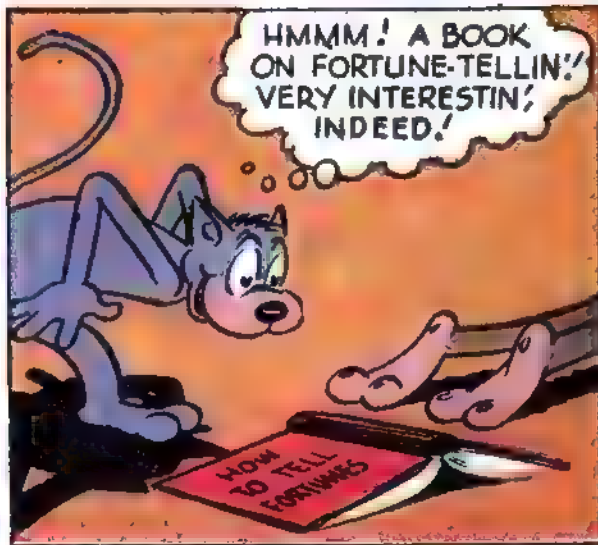
The End

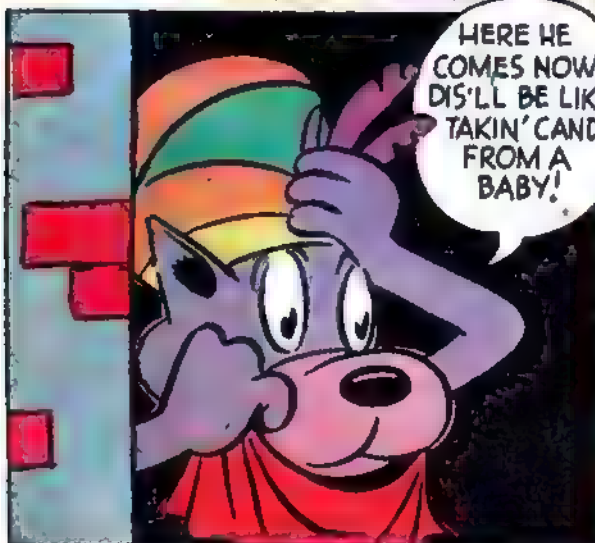
HAVE A NICE
TRIP, CHUM!

YIPES!



HMMM! A BOOK
ON FORTUNE-TELLING
VERY INTERESTING,
INDEED!





PROCEED! EVER SINCE PURCHASING THIS BOOK, I'VE WANTED MY FORTUNE TOLD.

STEP BACK WHILE I GAZE INTO DE CRYSTAL BALL. AH—I SEE IT ALL. YER GONNA MEET A SHORT DARK GUY WID POINTED EARS.

WHAT ELSE? GO ON—TELL ME MORE.

OBEY DIS GUY AND YER FORTUNE IS MADE! YA'LL BE WEALTHY... FAMOUS! DE CRYSTAL BALL IS ALWAYS RIGHT!

WEALTHY! FAMOUS! I MUST SEEK OUT THIS PERSON IMMEDIATELY! FAREWELL.

BUT REMEMBER—YA GOTTA OBEY HIM!

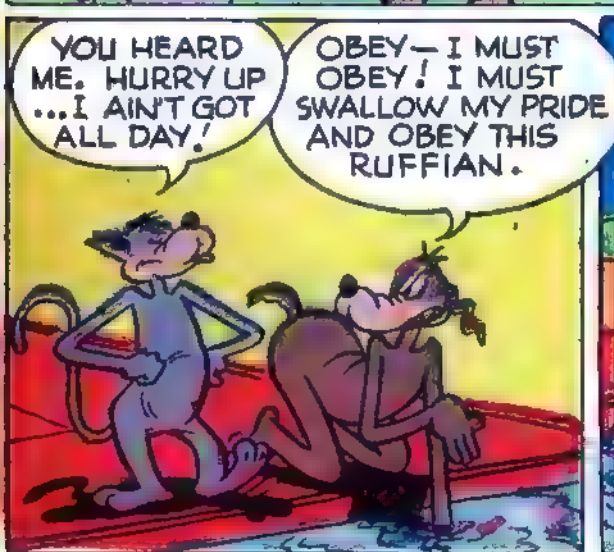
BOY! DID DAT WOIK!! DAT POOCH IS PROOF A GUY CAN LIVE WIDOUT A BRAIN!

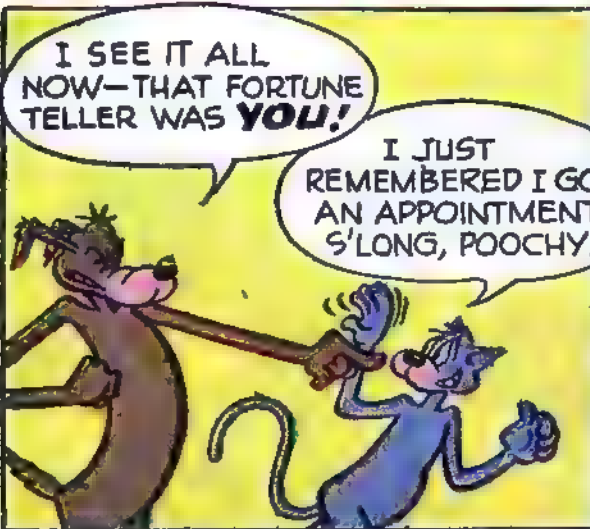
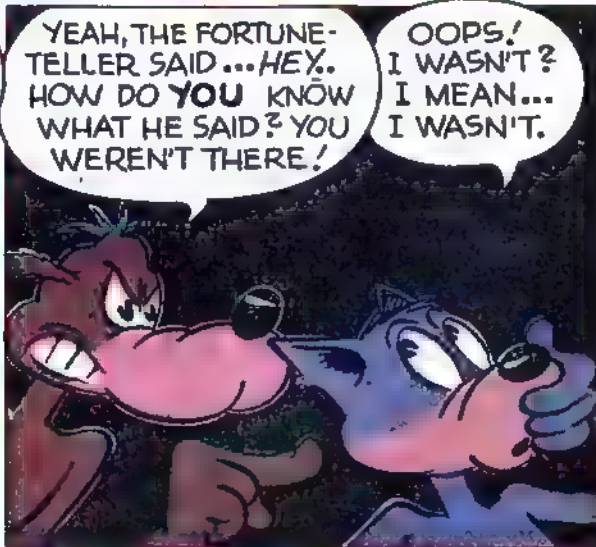
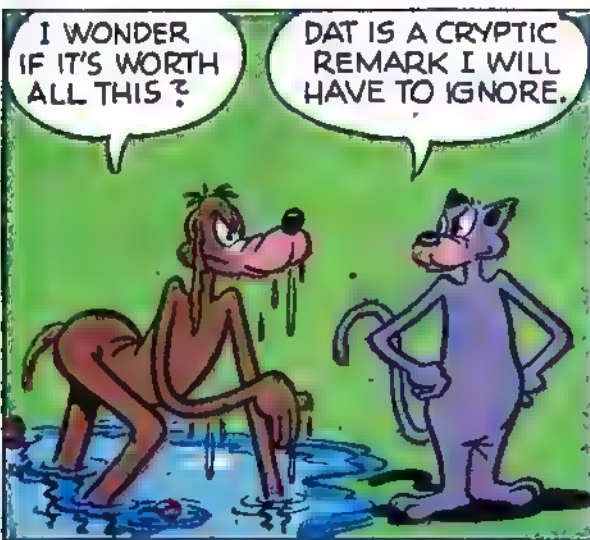
HIYA, POOCHY, OL' BOY. LOOKIN' FER SOMEBODY?

NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS—BUT IF YOU MUST KNOW, I SEEK A SHORT...
OH!

OH, NO! IT CAN'T BE — NOT **YOU!**

NOTICE DE EARS, KID—
POINTED!





HOLD EVERYTHING!
WHADDYA KNOW—A REAL
FORTUNE-TELLER! DIS SETS
ME KEEN MIND WOKIN'
AGAIN!

HEY, CHUM, I GOT
NEWS FOR YA. DERE'S
A GUY COMIN' ALONG
IN A SECOND WHO
WANTS HIS FORTUNE
TOLD.

THANK YOU,
FRIEND. I SHALL
BE GLAD TO
OBLIGE HIM.

HUH?

PUSS...
TRYIN' TO
FOOL ME
AGAIN,
EH?

STOP! YOU WISH YOUR
FORTUNE TOLD? I,
MUSTAFA, WILL TELL
IT FOR YOU!

I'M NOT SO DUMB
TO FALL TWICE FOR
THE SAME GAG,
CHISELER!

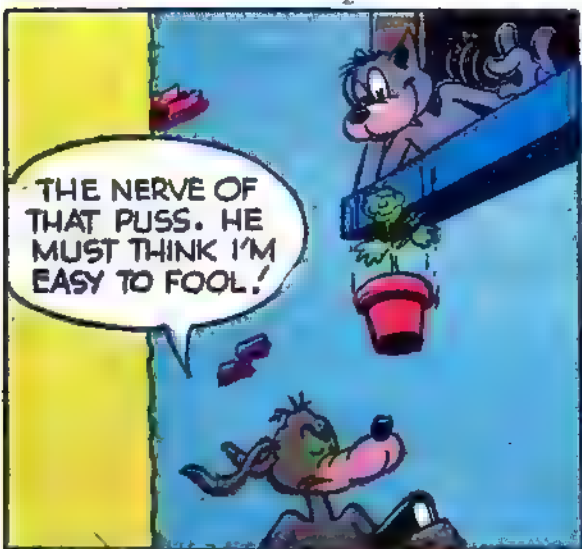
GAG? I
DO NOT—
OWWWW!

YOU AND YOUR TRICKS!
NEXT TIME THINK TWICE
BEFORE FOOLING WITH ME!

UGH!

GANGSTER! LUNATIC!
BAD LUCK WILL COME
YOUR WAY FOR THIS.
BAD LUCK!

DON'T MAKE
ME LAUGH!
CUT THE ACT,
WISE GUY!



THE END



LOOKIT! A SLICK **BEANIE**
AND FIVE DIFFERENT
COMIC BUTTONS!
READ HOW TO GET THEM!

ALL YOU DO is clip the coupon and mail it with a PEP box top and 15¢. It's as easy as that! And you get this bright-colored felt beanie *plus* five colored buttons of famous funnypaper people—folks like Corky, Goofy, Andy Gump, Punjab, etc.

ASK MOM TO GET YOU PEP today—so you can send for your beanie and comic buttons *now*! Other kids will envy you—you'll be proud to wear this snazzy beanie-button combination! Clip the coupon and let's go! (You'll go for the grand taste of the golden grains in PEP—"The Sunshine Cereal," too!)

Copyright, 1947, by Kellogg Co.



**THE
SUNSHINE
CEREAL**



JUST FILL IN name and address and send with one box top from a package of Kellogg's PEP (the end marked "TOP") and 15¢ to KELLOGG COMPANY, DEPT. 92-P, BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN. Back will come your beanie and five different buttons.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CHECK BEANIE SIZE ☐ Large—Ages over 9 ☐ Small—Ages up to 8

"U.S." ROYAL

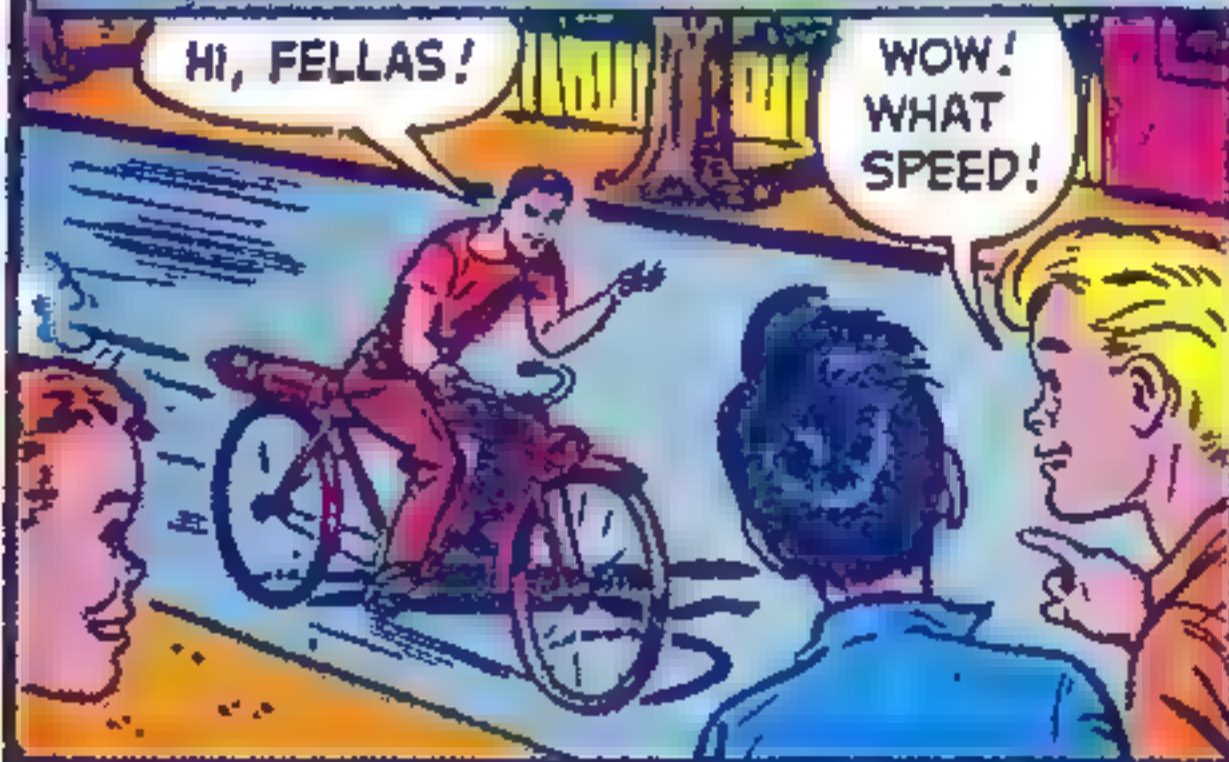
WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



HOW
JET-PROPULSION
WORKS



DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL STREAKS TO A STOP
ON HIS JET-PROPELLED BIKE...

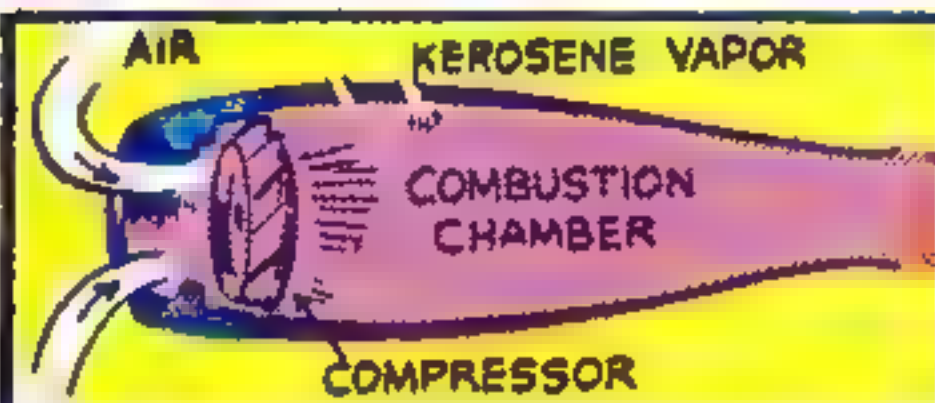


GOSH, U.S.--
HOW DOES
THAT JET
ENGINE
WORK?

IT'S EASY, BOYS...
REMEMBER NEWTON'S
THIRD LAW OF MOTION:
EVERY ACTION PRO-
DUCE A RE-ACTION.



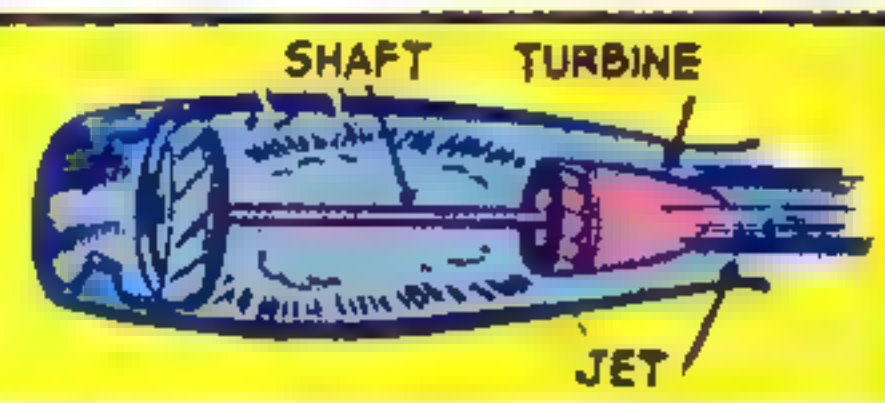
AS THE AIR SHOOTS
OUT OF THIS BALLOON
IN ONE DIRECTION, THE
REACTION PUSHES IT IN
THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION.



WHEN A SPARK STARTS THE VAPOR
AND AIR BURNING, IT EXPANDS RAPIDLY
...SHOOTING OUT THE BACK AND
DRIVING THE ENGINE FORWARD.

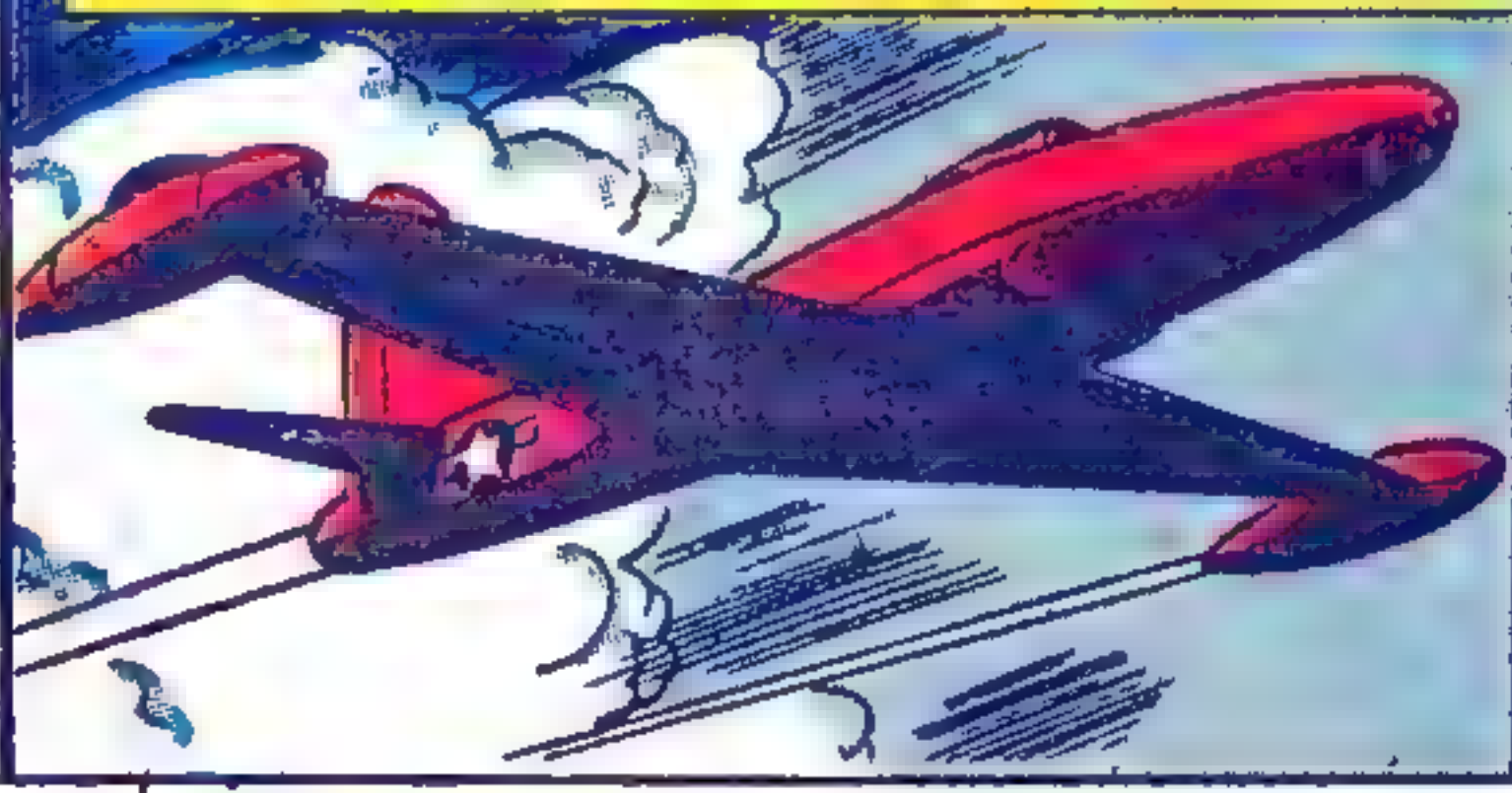


BUT WHAT TURNS THE
FAN UP FRONT?



"AH, THAT'S THE TRICKY PART!
ON THE WAY OUT, THE "JET"
OF EXPANDING GASES TURNS
A TURBINE...ANOTHER SORT OF
FAN. AND THE TURBINE TURNS
A SHAFT THAT TURNS THE
COMPRESSOR."

"UNCLE SAM'S NEWEST FIGHTING PLANES ARE JET-
POWERED... RACE ALONG AT 500-600 MILES PER HOUR."



GEE, U.S. ...
THAT JET-SPEED
MUST BE PRETTY
TOUGH ON YOUR
BIKE TIRES!

THAT'S WHY I
ALWAYS INSIST ON
U.S. ROYAL BIKE
TIRES.

THEY'RE TOUGH
AND PLENTY
RUGGED. AND
DON'T FORGET
THAT BUILT-IN SKID
CHAIN FOR BETTER
CONTROL.



NEXT ISSUE:
OUTWITTING
THE
KIDNAPPERS!



THAT "BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN"
GIVES ME TOP PERFORMANCE
...SAYS "U.S." ROYAL!

"YOUR BIKE COMES ALIVE IN THE SPRINTS WHEN
YOU'RE RIDIN' ON U.S. BIKE TIRES. "U.S." HOLDS THE
ROAD WITH PERFECT BALANCE, SURE TRACTION.
THAT BUILT-IN CHAIN DESIGN IS A RAPID-FIRE
STOPPER TOO, AND FOR MORE MILEAGE, U.S. IS TOPS."

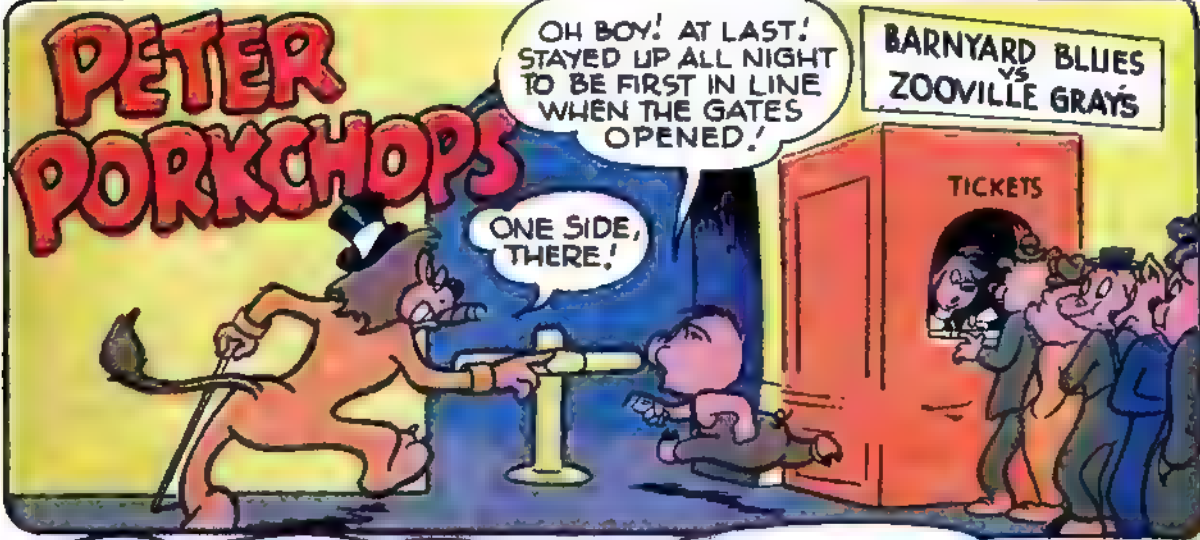
U.S. BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Serving Through Science

PETER PORKCHOPS



OH BOY! AT LAST! STAYED UP ALL NIGHT TO BE FIRST IN LINE WHEN THE GATES OPENED!

BARNYARD BLUES vs ZOOVILLE GRAYS

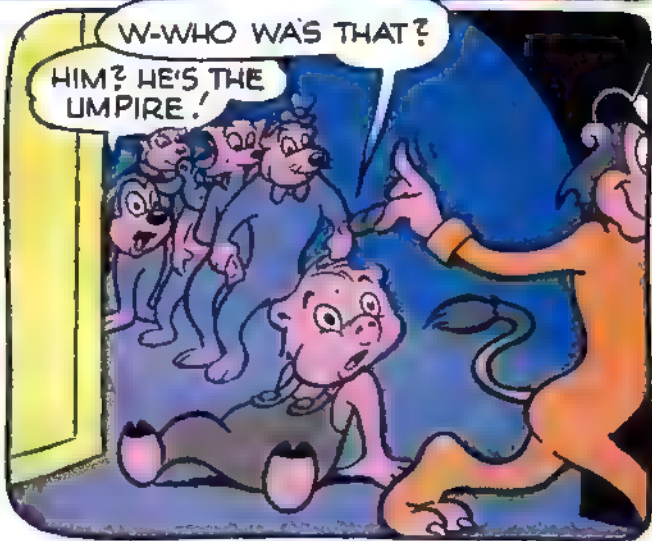
TICKETS

ONE SIDE, THERE!



I SAID 'ONE SIDE'—AND WHAT I SAY GOES!

OOF!



W-WHO WAS THAT?

HIM? HE'S THE UMPIRE!



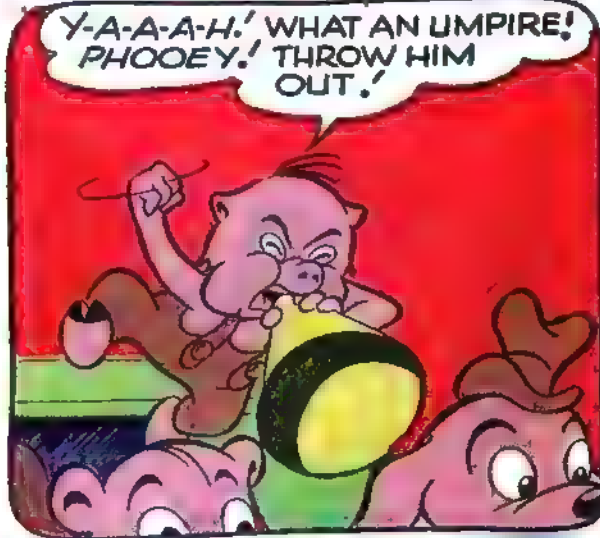
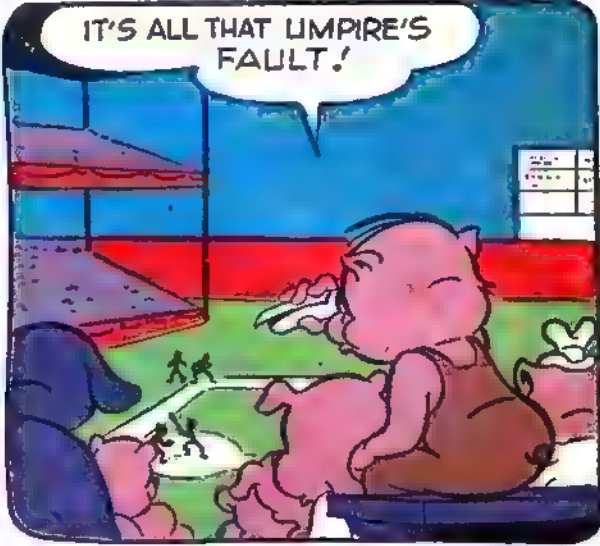
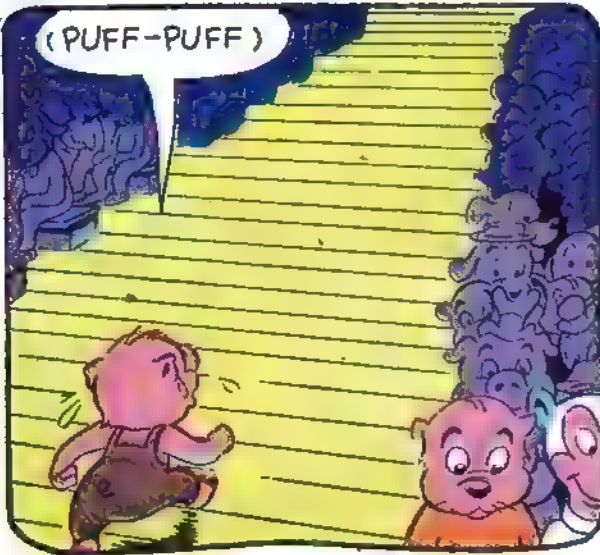
HEY! LEMME ON! I WAS UP FRONT A MINUTE AGO.

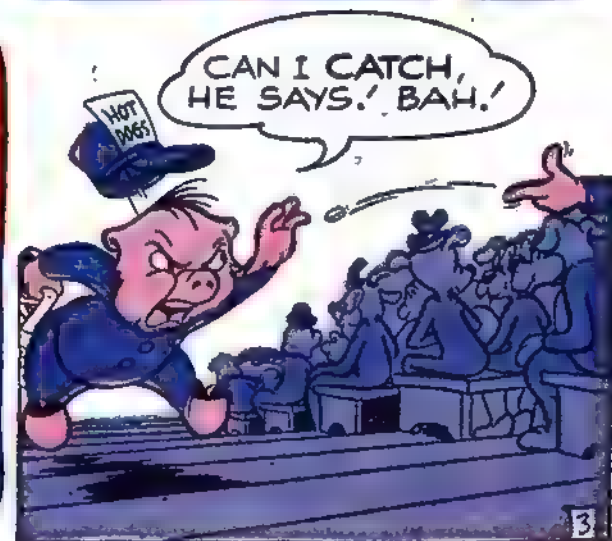
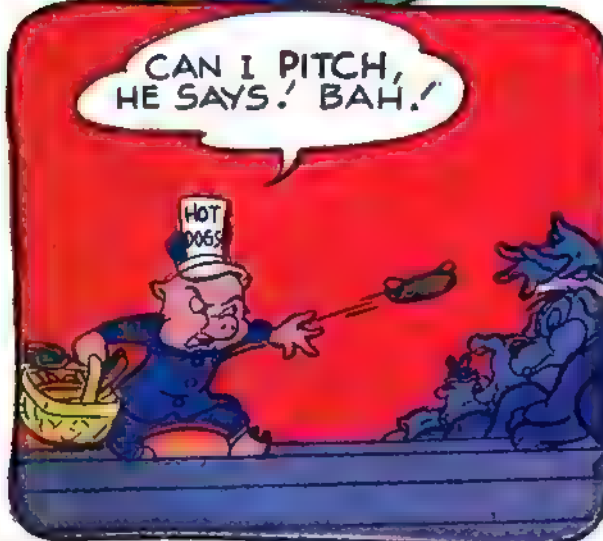
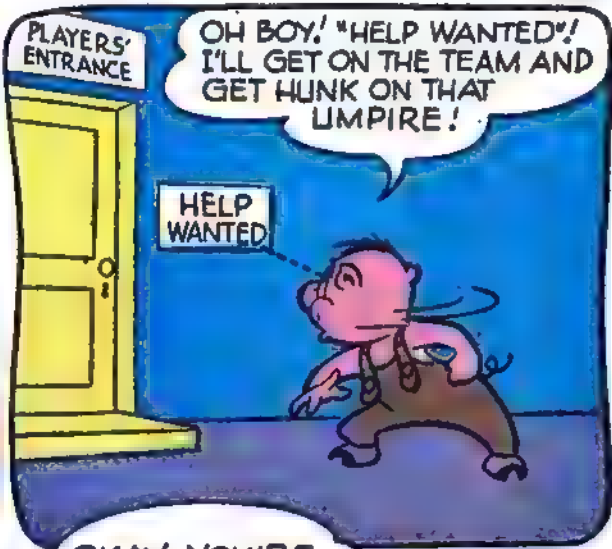
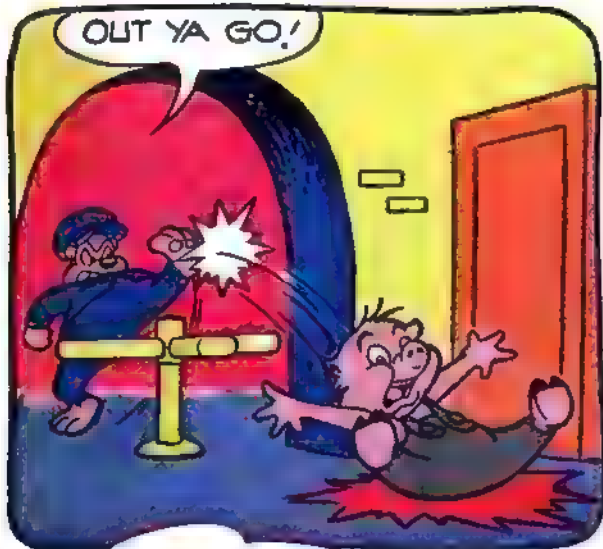
SEZ YOU?

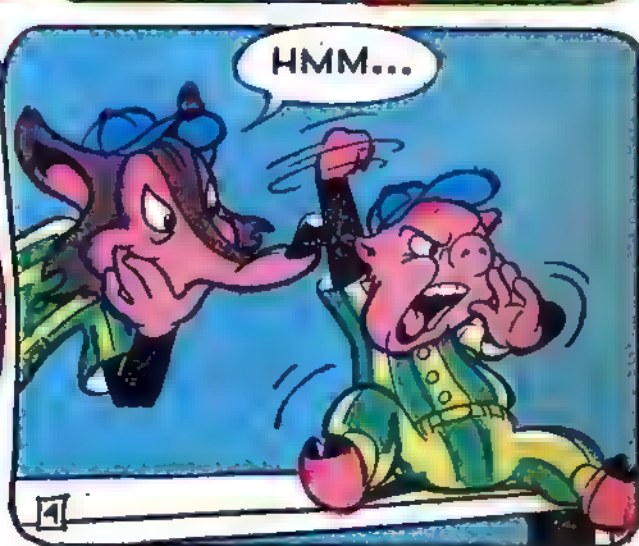
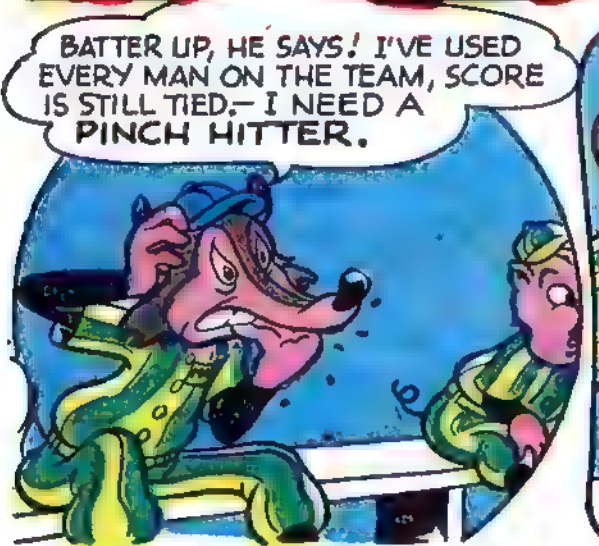
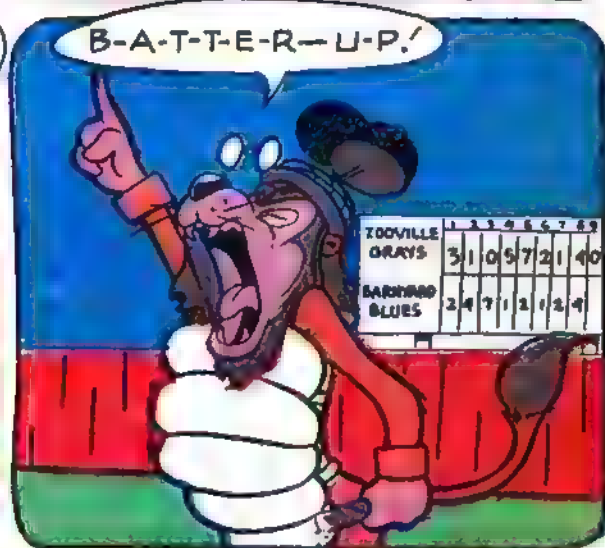
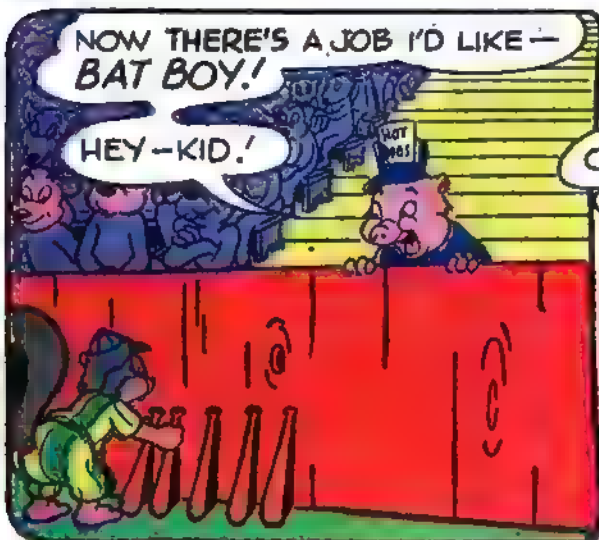
G'WAN T' THE END OF THE LINE!

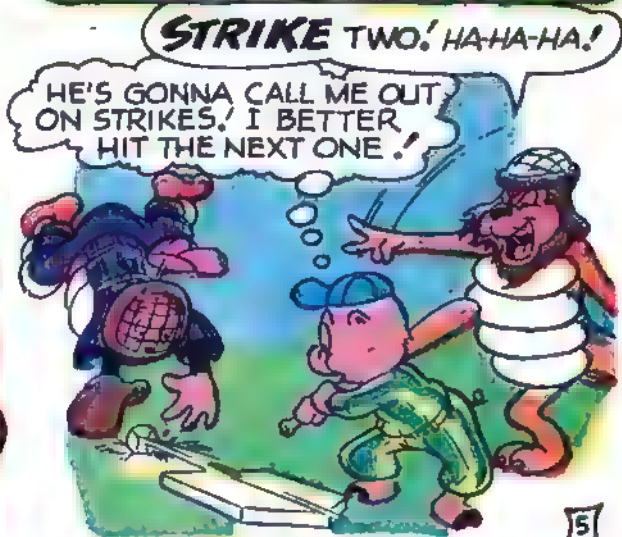
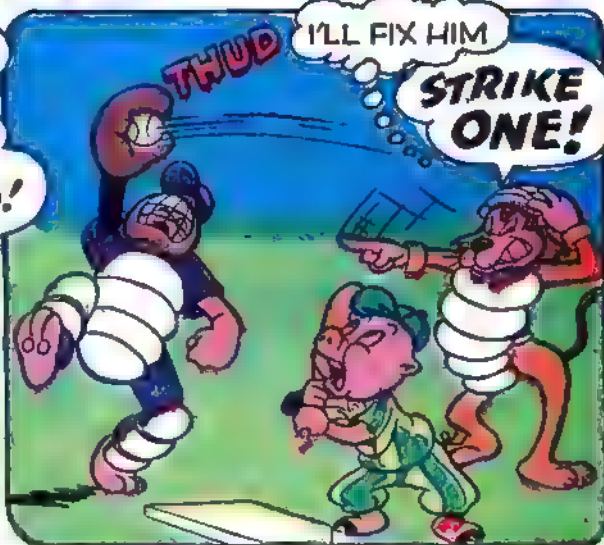
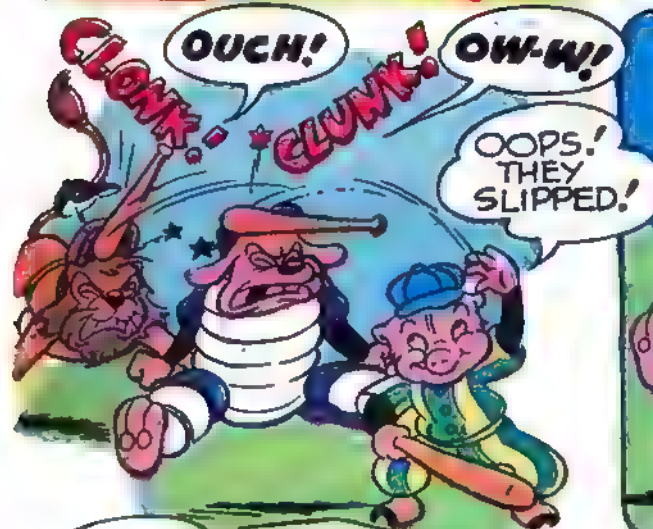
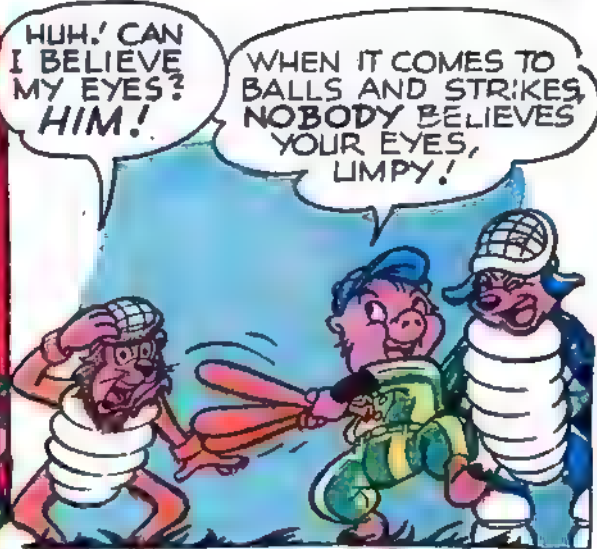


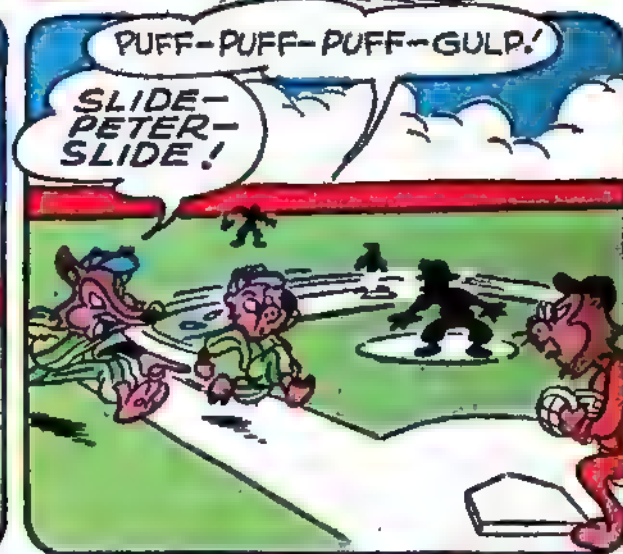
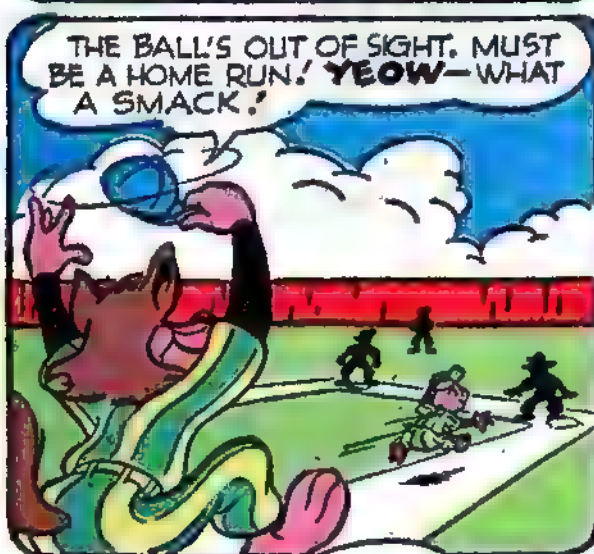
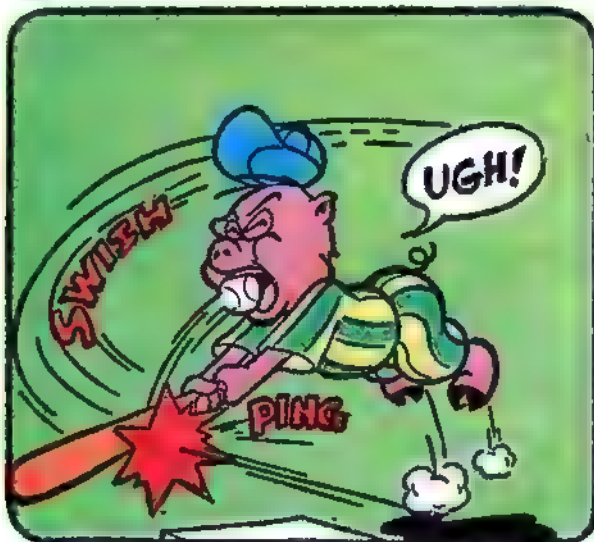
NOW I'M THE LAST ONE IN...











ANYBODY CAN GET A BASE ON FOUR BALLS, BUT I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO EVER GOT A BALL ON FOUR BASES! HO, HO!

Bob Feller

WORLD'S CHAMPION
STRIKE OUT - NO HIT - SPEEDBALL
"CLEVELAND INDIANS" PITCHER

Says

"BOYS and GIRLS
GET ONLY THESE ORIGINAL, GEN-
UINE, PURE, DELICIOUS FROZEN
ON-A-STICK CONFECTIONS"

ALL "POPSICLE" PRODUCTS ARE
MADE BY SELECTED ICE CREAM
MANUFACTURERS IN "APPROVED"
CLEAN SANITARY PLANTS
THROUGHOUT THE WORLD AND
THEY ARE SOLD EVERYWHERE!

Popsicle Pete

will send you—

FREE

**Popsicle Pete
FUN BOOK**

GAMES

SPORTS

MAGIC

PUZZLES

HOBBIES

**ALL THIS FREE
NO BAGS — NO MONEY
SEND ME YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS**



COOLING — REFRESHING
VARIOUS FLAVORS



CHEWY — FUDGY
FROZEN DELIGHT



RICH ICE CREAM
DELICIOUSLY COATED



RICH ICE CREAM
CHOCOLATE COATED

**SAVE THE BAGS
GET SWELL PRIZES**

Grand gifts for bags (or bags and cash) from
these products.

Ice Cream On-A-Stick Bags are good too if
they say "LICENSED BY JOE LOWE CORPO-
RATION" and — "SAVE THESE BAGS FOR
GIFTS."

THIS WONDERFUL "POPSICLE PETE" FUN
BOOK" CHOCK FULL OF STORIES, TRICKS,
PRIZES, HOBBIES, ADVENTURE, QUIZ,
LAUGHS AND ENTERTAINMENT.

**EXTRA FREE PRIZE
CATALOG**

It goes with the "POPSICLE PETE" FUN
BOOK." It shows pictures of prizes given just
for saving bags (or bags and cash) and tells
how many bags needed for each gift.

EASY TO GET

TO GET BOTH THE "POPSICLE PETE" FUN
BOOK" AND PRIZE CATALOG JUST SEND
A POSTAL CARD WITH YOUR NAME AND
ADDRESS TO

Popsicle Pete*

601 W. 24th ST., NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

In Canada Address

100 Sterling Road, Toronto

FAMOUS SPORTS FLOPS

The "TOO-DARING PITCHER"

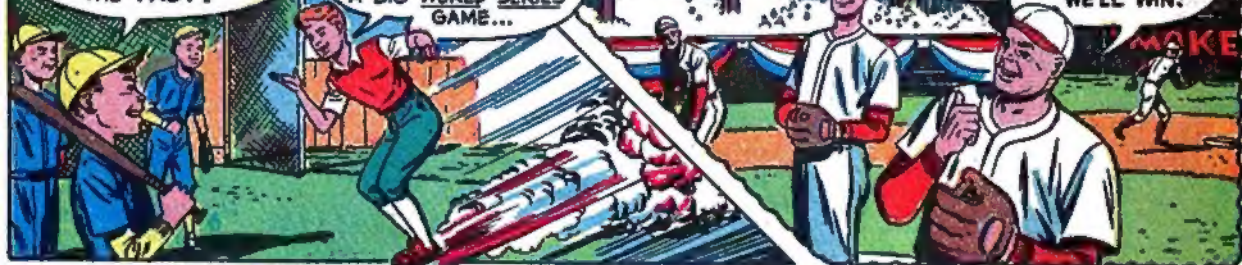
A TRIP INTO THE PAST WITH THOM McAN AND HIS MAGIC "BAZOOKA-SHOES"

LOOK! HERE COMES THOM McAN -- FLYING BACK WITH HIS "BAZOOKA-SHOES" FROM ANOTHER TRIP INTO THE PAST!

YEP! AND WHAT A "SPORTS FLOP" STORY I'VE BROUGHT BACK THIS TIME! IT HAPPENED IN A BIG WORLD SERIES GAME...

FAMOUS "BIG BOY" BEN WAS DETERMINED TO PITCH A WINNING WORLD SERIES GAME!

OKAY, BEN, TODAY'S YOUR CHANCE. STICK TO PITCHING -- LEAVE ALL THE FIELDING TO US -- AND WE'LL WIN!



SEVENTH INNING...

I'VE HELD 'EM SCORELESS SO FAR. THREE MORE INNINGS AND... WOW!



A VICIOUS LINE DRIVE... AND "BIG BOY" BEN CAN'T RESIST TRYING FOR IT!

OUCH!

BEN'S HURT BAD. HE'LL HAVE TO BE TAKEN OUT. TOUGH LUCK!



SO "BIG BOY" BEN NEVER GOT TO WIN A SERIES GAME. THE PITCHER WHO REPLACED HIM WAS BEATEN 2-1.

IF BEN FLOPPED, IT WAS A GLORIOUS FLOP. NOT BAD PITCHING BUT TOO-DARING FIELDING MADE HIM LOSE.



BUT TO BE A SPORTS STAR, YOU NEED BOTH SPUNK AND GOOD SENSE. WATCH YOUR DIET AND EXERCISE ---- AND WATCH THOSE GROWING FEET! DON'T LET THEM GET SQUEEZED BY OUTGROWN SHOES!



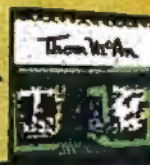
YOU SEE, YOU CAN'T ALWAYS TELL IF YOUR FEET HAVE GROWN TOO LARGE FOR YOUR SHOES MERELY BY HOW THEY FEEL. YOUNG FOOT-BONES ARE SOFT AND MAY NOT PAIN YOU WHEN CROWDED. THAT'S WHY YOU NEED TO MEASURE YOUR FEET EVERY FEW WEEKS ON YOUR OWN THOM McAN GRO-CHART.

AND ONLY AT A THOM McAN STORE DO YOU GET, WITH EACH NEW PAIR OF SHOES, A FREE SCIENTIFIC "GRO-CHART" FOR YOUR PERSONAL USE! IT SHOWS EXACTLY HOW MUCH ROOM-TO-GROW YOUR NEW THOM McANS ALLOW. WHEN YOUR FEET GROW TO THE CHART'S "DANGER-LINE," LOOK OUT! -- YOU NEED LARGER THOM McANS!



Thom McAn

OVER 500 STORES -- IN OVER 300 CITIES





The Publishers of
**SUPERMAN, BATMAN,
BOY COMMANDOS—**
AND A HOST OF OTHER FAVORITES

Now give you:

JIMMINY and the MAGIC BOOK



HERE'S A
BRAND-NEW
ACTION-FEATURE
THAT'S EXCITINGLY
Different!

— AND BEST OF ALL,
THERE ARE **TWO**
BIG JIMMINY STORIES
IN EVERY ISSUE OF
MORE FUN COMICS
— PLUS OTHER FEATURES!

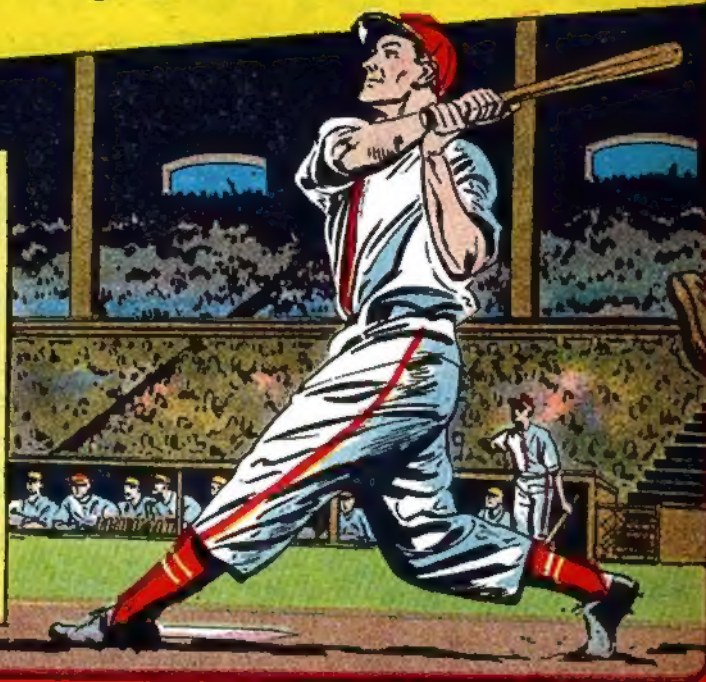
BE SURE TO GET
Your COPY!

NEW

"EVEREADY" FLASHLIGHT BATTERY LASTS 93% LONGER!

**Tiny cell packs enough energy
to hit 200 Home Runs!**

Like baseball? Like to raise the roof when your favorite slugger blasts one out of the park? Then here's news: The amazing new "Eveready" flashlight cell contains energy equal to the amount needed to smash out 200 major league homers! Extra power makes "Eveready" batteries the season's champion for brilliant, lasting, low-cost light!



WHAT a supercharger is to a racing car—the new "Eveready" battery is to your flashlight. It "picks in the energy"—93% more of it than even the great pre-war "Eveready" cells gave you! You get nearly double the life... maximum light for nearly twice as long. For good service... better light... best quality... get these new "Eveready" brand flashlight batteries!

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
30 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

The registered trade-mark "Eveready" distinguishes products of National Carbon Company, Inc.

93% MORE ENERGY

Nearly twice the electric energy...almost two times longer life than even famous pre-war "Eveready" batteries. That's today's high-energy "Eveready" battery—proved by "Light Industrial Flashlight" test devised by the American Standards Association.

NOW



High Energy

MEANS BRIGHTER LIGHT, LONGER LIFE

EVEREADY

TRADE-MARK
FLASHLIGHT BATTERIES

